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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE OLD WORLD

A faint, dark illustration of a classical building with columns and a pediment, centered on the cover behind the title.

By Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, D.D.



A STREET IN PALESTINE
August 23, 1921

High Lights of the Old World

Word Pictures of Famous Scenes and Places Overseas

BY

REV. HENRY KENDALL BOOTH, D. D.

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FOREWORD

This little brochure embodies the record of a few of the many vivid impressions of a journey made in the summer of 1921. The dated illustrations are from photographs by the author.

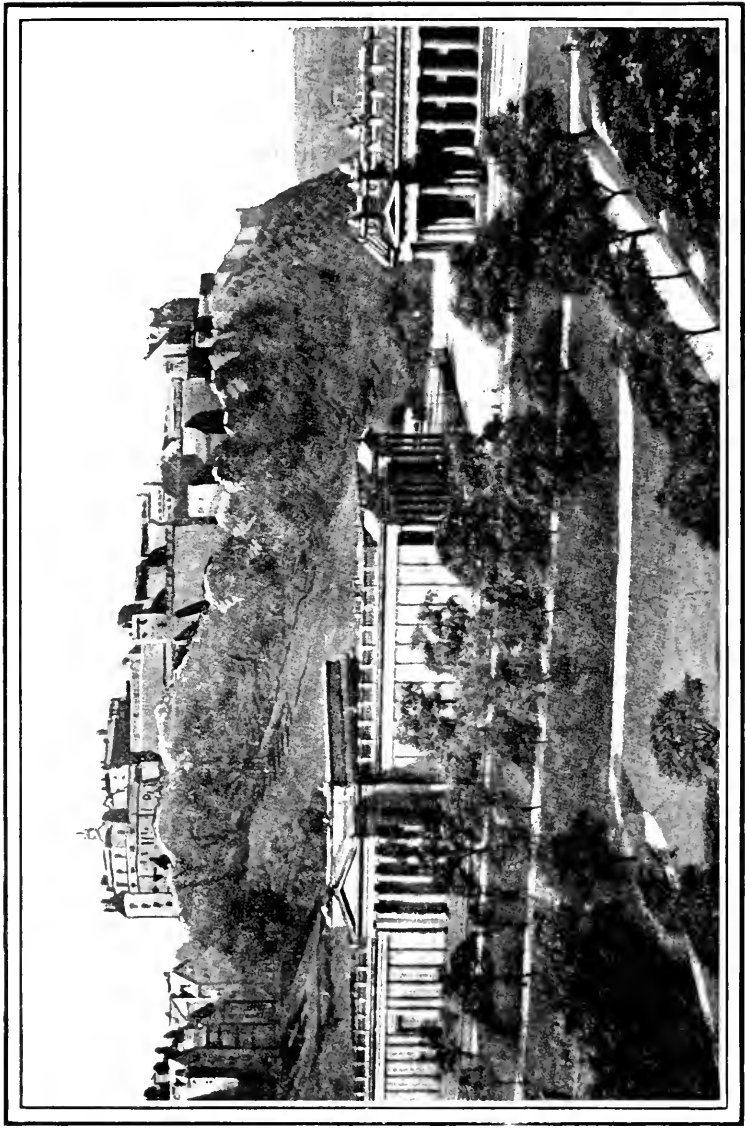
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I

Edinburgh Castle

*"Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar
Like some bold veteran grey in arms,
And, marked with many a seamy scar,
The ponderous wall and massy bar
Grim,—rising o'er the rugged rock—
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled the invader's rock."*
—BURNS.



EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM PRINCESS STREET

Edinburgh Castle

IT WAS my last night in Edinburgh. The hour was late and the clocks were chiming eleven when I left my hotel for a last stroll down Princes Street, that well named, truly royal highway of this old Scottish city. All day it had been teeming with the tides of human life that by tram car and automobile, on foot and in carriage had surged back and forth in a never-ending flood. It was silent now and well-nigh deserted, with shuttered shops and empty sidewalks. A fine mist, drawn in from the northern sea, hung like a veil over the roofs, or drifted, ghost-like, through the side streets. Above the mist the moon was shining, now and then revealed through a rift in the clouds, transforming the whole scene by its mystic touch into a fairyland of unearthly beauty.

Seen through this moon-lighted, silvery mist everything was shimmering, elusive, ethereal. The towering Gothic spires of the Scott Monument seemed like the white flames of a torch soaring heavenward. The formal gardens on Princes Street had lost their monotonous regularity and become an intriguing maze. And, as I strolled down the long sidewalk, the moss-covered monuments and marble statues, the columned porticos and broad squares took on a new and mystic beauty. At last I halted to stand opposite the long sweep of greensward and flowers that leads the eye across a deep valley with its trees and terraces, up the steep slope to rest upon that beetling precipice upon whose summit stands the old castle of Edinburgh like a "New Jerusalem scaling heaven," as Stevenson well terms it.

Frowning down from its sheer heights upon the city at its foot that old castle has for centuries dominated this Athens of the north as the Acropolis of this Scottish capital. Around that rock from the days of the Picts onward the life of Edinburgh has been centered. Changeless it stands through the passing generations, and to it many times daily the eyes of its citizens are lifted in pride and love. And I could not but think of how the great of Edinburgh's past had stood many times in admiration on this very spot and looked up at that romantic old castle. Bruce and Wallace, King James and Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox and James Guthrie, Scott and Burns, Christopher North and Robert Louis Stevenson—how that unending group of kings and prophets, writers and statesmen, hover around this old spot. There it stood above me now in all its rugged grandeur, silhouetted against the sky, this historic and romantic fortress whose halls are haunted by the specters of Scotland's ancient glory.

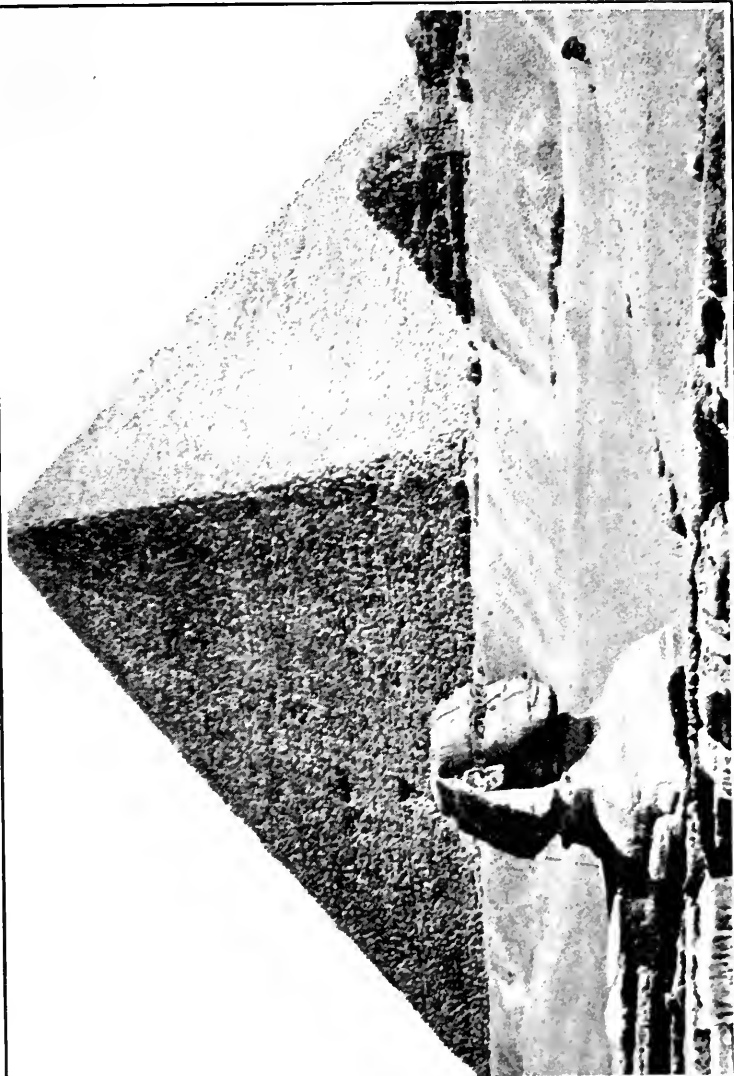
But this night it was all swathed in misty light that hung about it like a silvery mantle, softening its harsh outlines and obliterating the scars of time and age until it seemed to hang like a very dwelling place of light between earth and sky, no longer grim but glorious, not a fortress now, but a cathedral. And as I mused upon that scene it seemed to me that I saw revealed in it the true expression of the genius of that great people who were cradled under the shadow of that castle—strong, rugged, vigorous, hard, austere, but with their austerity and hardness suffused by the misty veil of sentiment and affection, and glorified by the heavenly light of religious fire and passion.

II

The Pyramids of
Gizeh

*Through the long centuries of history
Casting thy shadow o'er the river Nile,
Thou mighty, massy, towering pile,
Thou dwelling-place of silence and of mystery.*

—H. K. B.



THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZH

The Pyramids of Gizeh

THE sun was setting, and the western sky was all aglow with light as I bade farewell to my hospitable dragoman, Sheik Abdul, and left his Bedouin home and walked down the dusty road to board my car for Cairo. Long shafts of sunlight touched the tall palm trees and flat roofed houses, suffusing them with splendor. I turned for a last long look at the pyramids of Gizeh. High above my head they reared themselves, silhouetted against the golden afterglow, the monstrous tombs of those colossal egotists, Cheops, Khefren and Menkaura, seemingly more stupendous than ever as their long shadows crept across the plain. Behind them as they towered aloft on their elevated plateau, rolled the billowing sands of the Sahara. Midway they stood between the glowing green of the Nile valley and the eternal desolation of the grim desert, seeming like mighty sentries guarding this fair land against the fiery genii of the sands.

Old Egypt is incarnate in the pyramids, old Egypt of towering genius, resistless might. Builded as royal tombs by proud monarchs who believed Egypt's rule eternal, their kingdom has long since gone, but these great memorials yet remain, seemingly immortal. And I could not but think of how they had thus stood against the sunset splendor to thrill the souls of men for five thousand years. Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Persian, Syrian, Roman, Crusader, Bedouin, Frank — each had stood beneath their shadow and gazed at their towering bulk in admiration and awe. Through all the centuries the tides of human life had swirled about these unchanging monuments. They were here when Nebuchadnezzar threatened the nations, when Alexander led his phalanxes to victory, when Caesar was campaigning in Gaul. Perchance the infant eyes of the Christ gazed upon them in that immortal Flight into Egypt. Pilgrim, Crusader, Saracen and Turk dwelt beneath their shadow, the soldiers of Napoleon camped at their feet. Nations came and went, kingdoms rose and fell, continents were discovered, inventions multiplied, world wars were fought, civilizations were born and buried — yet through all these changes of human life they have kept their ceaseless vigil over the lotus land of Egypt. Here, in these mighty memorials of far off antiquity, one is face to face with the Past, with the Yesterday of the race. Never, not even in the presence of the Alps, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," have I felt so strongly the sense of changelessness, of eternity, as when I gazed in that golden sunset upon those man-made mountains, the pyramids of Gizeh, and my thoughts were swept back

through the corridors of the centuries to that hour in the dawn of humanity's morning when by the magic wand of the genius of the Pharaohs they rose between the desert and the Nile, there to stand unchanged through the ages as symbols of eternity.

III

Westminster Abbey

*"Here, where the end of earthly things
Lay heroes, patriots, bards and kings,
Here where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, goodwill to men.'
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, here let prejudice depart."*

—SCOTT



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey

IT WAS on a Sunday afternoon that I was privileged to visit Westminster Abbey. Founded by Edward the Confessor as "Westminster" because it was situated in the west side of London, it has been for over a thousand years the most famous of all English cathedrals, the center of English religious life. With its two fine Norman towers, its immense rose windows, its cloisters and transepts, this splendid Gothic edifice impresses the beholder by its size and magnificence, while the softening hand of time has made it dignified and venerable. And the interior is awe-inspiring with its pointed arches, massive fluted columns, long aisles and glorious chapels. But more than all else is it hallowed by its memorials. For this is more than a church, it is the Pantheon of the Anglo Saxon race. Like the church of Santa Croce at Florence, it has been for generations the burial place of kings and queens, statesmen and warriors, poets, artists and men of letters, and here amid its sacred associations have the kings of England been crowned. All the greatness of England finds sanctuary here. To walk through the aisles of this great minster is to find one's self surrounded by the spirits of the great and mighty, those immortals whose genius has given them a lasting place in human hearts. Here in the North Transept is the "Statesmen's Aisle" with the graves and monuments of Chatham and Pitt, Fox, Palmerston, Peel, Hastings, Cobden and Gladstone. Not far away are buried England's greatest scientists—Herschel, Darwin, Newton, Kelvin. Along the great nave are the statues of Wordsworth and Kingsley, Keble and Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Matthew Arnold and Isaac Watts, and the founders of Methodism, Charles and John Wesley. In the middle of the nave one pauses to muse above the square slab in the pavement marked by two words—"David Livingstone." Far away amid the wilds of Africa is buried the heart of the intrepid explorer and missionary, but his body lies here, borne by loving black men through leagues of jungle, to sleep amid the immortal dead in this quiet Abbey. And as we walked on and on through this avenue of royal souls, with philosophers, statesmen, scientists, all about us, we could not but be thrilled with a sense of the glory of the Anglo-Saxon, and feel upon us the touch of that genius for freedom and truth, whose representatives slumber in this necropolis. And as our wandering footsteps led us at last to stand in silent reverence before the great slab near the entrance where sleeps England's unknown soldier, we felt a new pride in that race to which we belong. For here, amid the kings and rulers, the leaders and the geniuses, lies the body of a simple

English lad, because he gave his life for liberty on the battle-fields of the Great War. That simple slab that covers his form, expresses more eloquently than words the honor in which our Anglo-Saxon race holds freedom of thought and life.

The afternoon service was about to begin and we found seats in the "Poet's Corner." All around us were slabs, busts, tablets, memorials, bearing names that are household words. We honor the statesmen and the kings, but it is the poets that we love, for they have reached our hearts with their winged words of song. Here is the fine old tomb of Chaucer, and near by are the graves of Browning, Tennyson, Milton, Spenser, Scott, Burns and Johnson. I sat directly beneath the fine memorial of William Shakespeare. The greatest English poet leans in thoughtful attitude upon a pile of books, his published plays, and on a scroll in his hand I read these words from "The Tempest":

*The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.*

The solemn words seemed fitly to blend with the stately music of the great organ that filled the cathedral and the chanted cadences of the choir that echoed from the Gothic arches far above. Through the murky twilight of the vast interior long shafts of sunlight were broken by the great rose windows into prismatic colors and I thought of the famous lines:

*Life like a dome of many tinted glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity.*

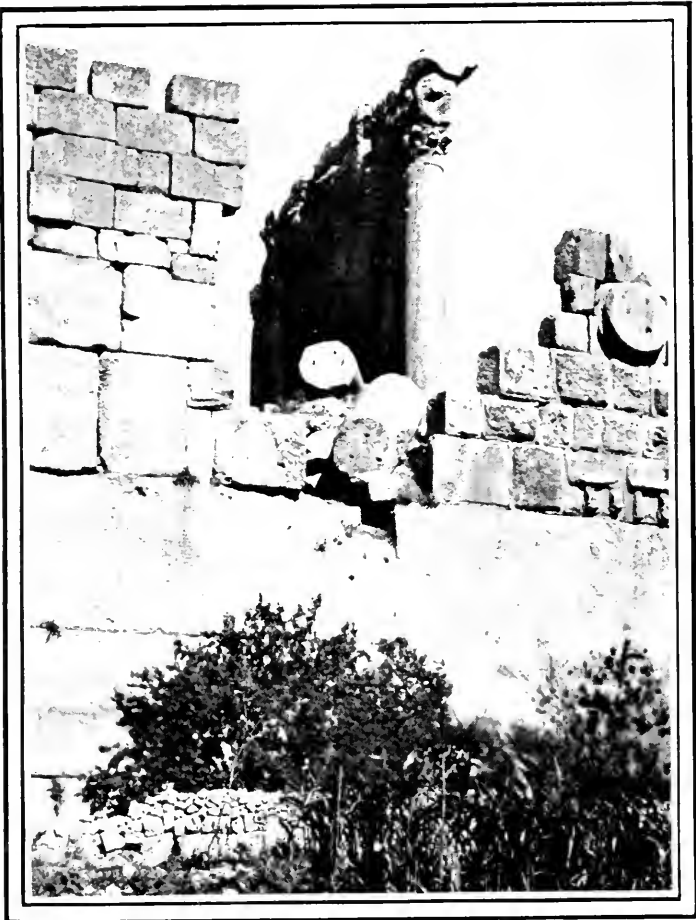
Through the long Sunday afternoon I sat there, while those lights of red and blue and amber touched carved pew and rood screen, choir stall and royal tomb, transforming them by their glory. A long flame-colored ray crept over the reredos into the Poet's Corner and suffused with its rosy splendor the marble bust of our own Longfellow, touching that kindly face with its living light. It was that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." America and England—we are one in language and literature—and Westminster Abbey is the common shrine of our Anglo-Saxon race.

IV

Antiquity's Mightiest Temple

*Towering 'gainst Syrian skies of blue
O'er Baalbec, mightiest temple of the past,
Rise those majestic Columns of the Sun
All golden, glowing with the sun's own hue;
Amid the silence of that ruined fane
Like a great six-stringed lyre they seem to stand
Waiting the touch but of a giant hand.
To sound the praises of the God of Day.*

—H. K. B.



TEMPLE WALL AND COLUMNS OF THE SUN
Baalbec, August 27, 1921.

Antiquity's Mightiest Temple

LONG hours we rode over the plain of Coele-Syria between the great Lebanon ranges, and all was brown and bare on either side of the dusty road, endless miles of empty moorland. Then far across the plain we saw a cluster of trees against a distant hillside, a splash of green upon a field of brown; then as we drew nearer, there rose against the sky the mighty Columns of the Sun; and we were at Baalbec. The little town huddles about the great mound upon which are the ruins of the most splendid temple of antiquity. Here Baal was worshipped in the days of Solomon; Helios in the Grecian era; Jupiter and Bacchus in Roman times. Here Theodosius built amid the broken pagan temple a Christian basilica and Tamur and the Arabs made a fortress. But through all these nineteen centuries, in spite of earthquake, vandalism and the hand of time—these six great stone columns have dominated this vast ruined temple and the whole plain, even as they do today. It is truly a Temple of the Sun and those old Syrians who first worshipped here the Ruler of the Day would find His power still in evidence. For it is the sun that is sovereign here. His warm caress has changed the stone from cold white to glowing gold, and through broken architrave and shattered roof he pours his ardent beams. And what a majestic shrine it is even in its ruin!

One walks amazed around its outer walls and gazes in stupefaction from the groves and gardens that surround it at the cyclopean stones that form its foundations. Sixty feet long and sixteen feet high, they are the largest hewn stones in the world, and one wonders how any human hands could ever have placed them where they are. A long flight of steps leads to the main entrance and one finds himself standing on a lofty stone platform and all about are the remains, not of a single structure but a whole vast complex of temples. He wanders from the entrance court to the arena of the Hexagonal Court, and on into the outer court and inner court, surrounded on every side by masses of fallen masonry—broken columns, sections of friezes, fragments of doorways, bits of architraves, capitals carved with lions' heads, gigantic foundation stones—and all on an almost superhuman scale. The Temple of Bacchus, which is small in comparison with the other buildings, is in itself simply tremendous in size. To pass along what was once its outer colonnade under the solitary leaning column and let the eye wander up its vast dimensions, gives one a sense of littleness in the presence of its huge size and height. The interior, with its grand columns, masses

of carved stone ornamentation, fluted pilasters and delicately sculptured doorway, gives some little idea of the ornate beauty of the original. But the crowning glory of this huge temple is that portion which was once the Temple of the Sun. Fifty-four towering Corinthian columns once upheld its great roof—of these only six are now standing. But what majestic things they are! Rising from a great platform of huge blocks of stone to a dizzy height, surmounted by a glorious architrave, elaborately carved with acanthus leaves and lions' heads, one marvels that any human mind could have conceived or human hands erected those pillars. To stand beneath them and look up at them against the blue Syrian sky makes you reel. All things else around you seem small in comparison with these giants. These Columns of the Sun dominate Baalbec even as the ruins of Baalbec surpass all the temples of ancient times. They are majestic beyond any words to describe—the very incarnation of the might and genius of antiquity.

That evening as I sat on the porch of the hotel in the soft Syrian twilight the last thing I saw, looming against the mauve background of the darkening Lebanon mountains, was the sight of those great Columns of the Sun keeping guard over that vast ruin at their feet as they have done through the centuries. And I shall carry the memory of those mighty columns, seemingly rising by magic amid the vast empty plains of Syria, so long as I live. For Baalbec, once seen, can never be forgotten.

V

A Swiss Garden of Enchantment

*"From the deep shadow of the silent grove,
I lift my eyes, and trembling look on thee,
Brow of eternity, thou dazzling peak,
From whose calm heights my dreaming spirit mounts
And soars away into the infinite!"*

—F. BRUNN.



THE JUNGFRAU, FROM INTERLAKEN
July 13, 1921

A Swiss Garden of Enchantment

INTERLAKEN lies in a beautiful broad valley in the heart of Bernese Switzerland, at the foot of precipitous cliffs, tree-covered and beautiful with waterfalls. The beauty of the two lakes between which it lies and from which position it derives its name is, however, overshadowed by the glory of the Jungfrau, which lifts its massive white pyramid into the sky to dominate the little village by its majestic purity.

The day was intensely hot and when the evening came it had the soft, balmy languor of the tropics, and to wander forth was like a night in the Orient. Near the hotel was a great public garden and into this we turned for interest and amusement. We stepped within the gates into a scene that rivaled the enchantments of the Arabian Nights. All about was a mass of tapering green pines and cedars with gorgeous banks of colored bloom at their feet, arranged in strange and fantastic designs, like a magic carpet of flowers. There were squares and crescents and circles, a floral arabesque, woven by a master hand. A great floral clock with moving hands of vari-colored bloom, and little gnomes that appeared from a floral bower to strike the hours with tiny hammers upon silver bells, was unique enough to have delighted the heart of good Haroun al Raschid. The air was fragrant with the sweet scent of the pines and the perfume of rare flowers. I sat down upon a bench and gazed about me. Before me rose the facade of an Oriental palace, lighted by colored lights, gay with the moving figures of people in festive garments—the Kursaal or Casino of Interlaken. From this building the eye traveled up and up the face of a great cliff, green with dwarf pines, until it merged with the sky, and far above was the single brilliant electric light of a tourist hotel, gleaming like an evening star. Here and there amid the trees was the soft light of swinging vari-colored lanterns glowing upon the dusky shade beneath. From the hidden orchestra of this Casino came strains of exquisite music, and through the softer passages the plash of the nearby fountain wove a theme that spoke of the peace of the evening. The soft languorous air, the perfume of the flowers, the twitter of sleepy birds in the trees, the soft lights and sweet music, made the hour a time of magic dreams in a veritable garden of enchantment.

And now through the interlacing branches of the trees came the long fingers of the moonlight, thrusting their soft radiance upon the beds of bloom, the crystal fountains. And as the moon at last soared over the tree tops, I turned reluctantly to go, and

faced the crowning touch of that perfect evening. For through an opening in the trees, far across the valley, slowly emerging from dimness to radiance, as with the magic of the lights of a theater, I saw the snowy splendor of the Jungfrau, bathed in the moonlight, towering in ethereal beauty, sublime with a glory as of the world above.

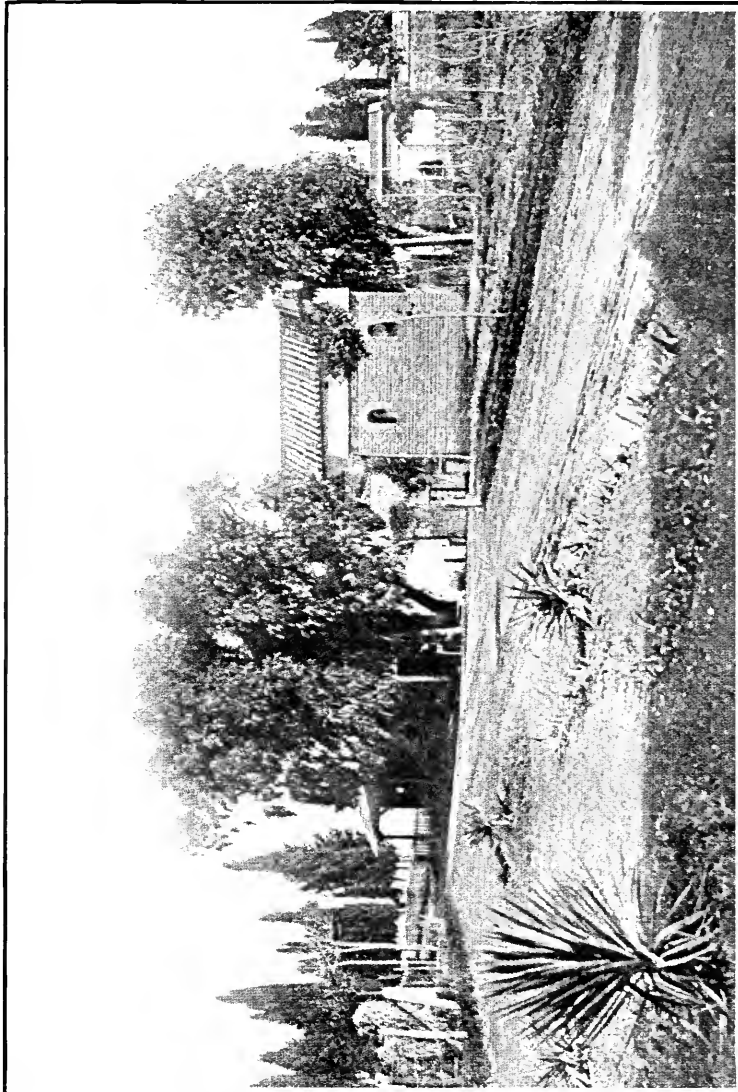
VI

In the Catacombs

*"The infant Church, of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave;
And then she smiled, and in the catacombs,
With eye suffused, but heart inspired true,
On these walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head mid ignominy, death and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew."*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ENTRANCE TO CATACOMBS OF ST. CALLIXTUS



In the Catacombs

STRAIGHT as an arrow southward from the walls of Rome across the Campagna stretches the Via Appia. Built by Appius Claudius three centuries before Christ, this magnificent old highway has echoed to the tread of Roman legions and the rumble of chariot wheels as into the Eternal City the victorious conquerors carried the spoils of the world. And one day over the stone blocks of this old road there passed a little band of Roman soldiers and in their midst an old man in chains, and henceforward this highway was to be sacred to the hearts of men—for this venerable prisoner was the Apostle Paul, going to Rome to appeal to Caesar. But as we passed out of the Porta San Sebastiano, and sped on our way over the ancient road that July afternoon, we saw no splendid legions but only a long line of rumbling carts with their sleeping drivers slowly moving toward Rome; and all about us was the desolate and silent Campagna, once swarming with prosperous villages. On either side was the beginning of that endless line of ruined tombs that borders the road for miles, and far away the skeleton of the old Claudian aqueduct stretching across the Alban Hills. The ruined tombs, the broken walls, the desolate plain, seemed to mourn over the long-dead civilization that once flourished here, and the mournfulness of the surroundings gave a sense of fitness to the announcement of my guide that we had now arrived at the catacombs.

We passed through a stone gate and up a tree-bordered lane to a little eminence, from which could be seen far away the seven-hilled city by the Tiber with its gardens and palaces and on the horizon the mighty dome of St. Peter's. A brown-robed Trappist monk handed us some tapers and led us along a gravelled walk to a doorway. The opened door disclosed a long flight of steps leading down into darkness, and the air was chill, the hand-rail dripping, as, by the feeble light of the tapers, we slowly descended. At the foot of the stairs we found ourselves in a narrow passageway whose roof might be dimly seen high above our heads; and on either side, tier upon tier, were marble-lined recesses, some open, some closed with marble slabs. Here in these niches were buried in the early centuries of Christian history the bodies of the Christian dead. All about us were the mortal remains of those who first accepted the name of Christ in Rome, many of them doubtless members of that Roman church to which Paul wrote his immortal epistle. Perhaps yonder slab covered the body of Prisca or Aquila or Timothy. And how

many a mangled form had been tenderly borne down that long stairway from the arena of the Colosseum, here to sleep through all these centuries. On and on our guide led us, through a perfect maze of corridors and passages, to stop at last in a large empty chamber, an ancient Christian chapel. On the walls were dim mosaics, depicting Biblical scenes and in one corner was a marble episcopal chair. It required no great imagination to people that tiny chapel again with the forms of the early Christians fleeing from the cruel persecutions of the Roman emperors to find refuge, and here, amid the chill subterranean dampness of this little room, lighted only by flickering torches, singing songs of love to Christ and offering prayers for their martyred brethren in prison and arena. We followed our guide's little candle as he led us on again, and on the slabs and walls as we passed we saw the dove, the anchor, the palm-branch, carved by the early Christians, mute evidences of the triumphant faith of these dark days of Christianity. We entered a tomb-chamber to gaze upon the remains of two of those who so long ago were buried here, and on the wall above was carved the symbol of the resurrection. To walk as I did that day for miles through those endless rows of tombs, with all around such symbols of the faith of those old days, gave me as never before a sense of the heroism of those early years of Christianity. For the cold and dampness seemed to penetrate one's very bones and the eternal darkness settled upon one's soul like a black pall. That those early Christians kept faith and hope amid those catacombs bears witness to the triumph of Christianity no less than their brave death upon the sands of the Colosseum.

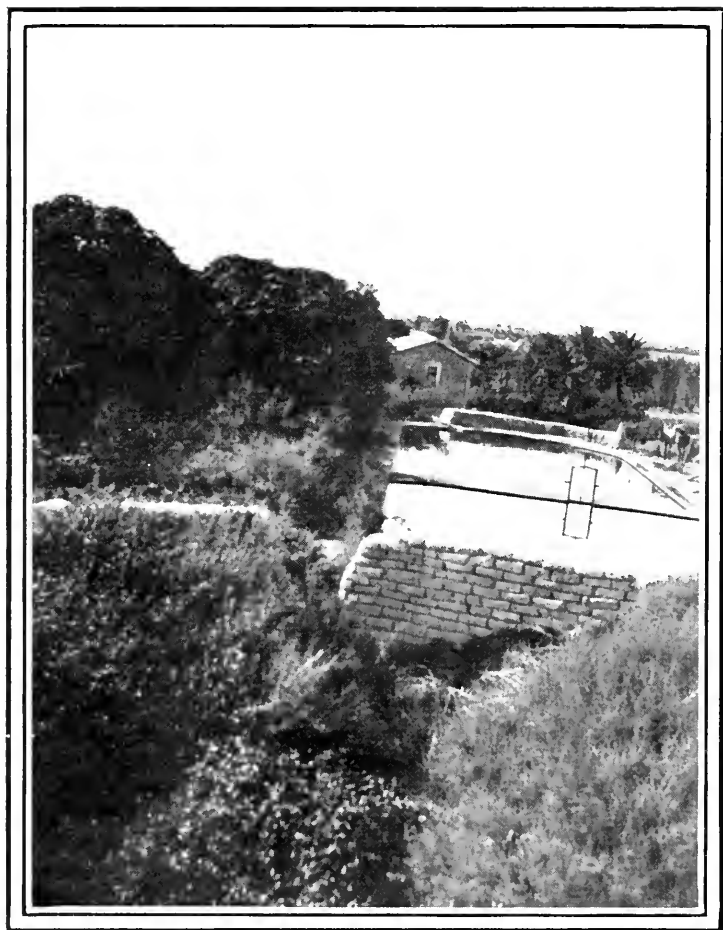
As we emerged from the catacombs the end of the day was near and the sun was already sinking below the horizon. Miles away across the Campagna I saw again the city of Rome. And clear-cut as a cameo against the western sky stood above its roofs that wonderful dome of St. Peter's. All else was obscure, dim, hazy in the advancing twilight. Over the ruined temples and palaces, the glory of Rome's past, that great church stood out supreme that evening over the city of the Caesars. But I knew that it was the faith of those patient souls that endured and suffered and now sleep in the catacombs beneath my feet that had made possible that great church that rules the Eternal City. Even so the Christian religion that stands lofty, eternal, dominating the world and its life, owes its triumph to the myriad unknown souls whose faith has endured the shock and struggle of the centuries.

VII

Going Down to
Jericho

*"This plain made bright with streaks of crimson clay
And sprinkled o'er with grains of golden sand,
Once saw the host of Israel as it lay
With pike and trumpet in war's fierce array;
Now pensive silence broods upon this land."*

—HAZARD.

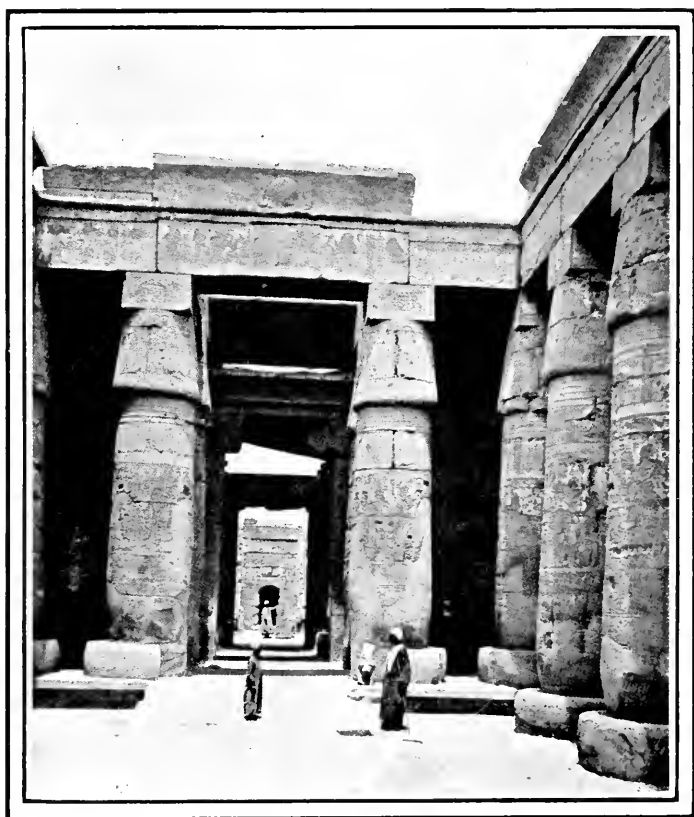


ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN, JERICO
August 15, 1921

Going Down to Jericho

THE sun was just rising over the Judean hills and the air was still chill on those mountain heights on which Jerusalem stands, when we left the hotel, and in an ancient Ford car rattled over the cobblestones and through the Jaffa Gate. We passed along the ancient city wall, skirted the Mount of Olives, climbed a steep hill, and looked back for a last glimpse of the city of Jerusalem, rising like an ancient fortress from the Valley of the Kedron, the sun glittering like fire from the dome of the Mosque of Omar. Then the olive groves suddenly ended, the parched herbage amid the rocks ceased, and we found ourselves winding amid a waste of rocky hills, barren, desolate, sinister. We were in the wilderness of Judea, that chaos of sand and rock that constitutes one of the most forbidding landscapes in the world. It seemed fit only to be the haunt of wild beasts and of wilder men. And as if to give point to the menace of the land, on the winding narrow road we met drove after drove of laden camels driven by agile, gaily-robed Bedouins, whose fierce eyes and wild gestures gave an uneasy sense of insecurity and danger. And the final thrill came with the sight far above us on the sky line of the hills of the picturesque figures of Arab soldiery, armed with long rifles, keeping watch over the road, because but a few weeks before a lone traveler had been set upon by Bedouins and killed. The background of Jesus' famous parable was vividly before us, for we were on that Jericho road where from time immemorial men have "fallen among thieves." And as these thoughts were passing through our minds we rounded a curve and came to the "Inn of the Good Samaritan." Before the war a place of hospitality, it is now roofless and in ruins, tenanted only as it was that morning by a group of Bedouins and their camels. It was at this point that the encircling hills parted for one of those vistas of the "land that is very far off" so characteristic of Palestine, and we saw far below us shimmering through the haze the vast plain of Jericho and on the horizon the blue waters of the Dead Sea. A mile farther and we came to the edge of a great gorge which the Brook Cherith has cleaved through the rock and on the opposite side, clinging like an eagle's eyrie to the precipice, the old Monastery of St. George. Here it was that Elijah was fed by the ravens. The descent was rapid now and we sped swiftly downward until we reached the level of the plain and entered a little huddle of tumble down houses—the modern village of Jericho—and passing through its one crooked street with its few stone houses and stores, we came to a placid pool of water, enclosed

in a stone wall—the Fountain of Elisha, whose waters have been in past ages the source of the gardens of Jericho, and that still furnishes sustenance to the oleanders, pomegranates, bamboos and jasmines that make it an oasis in the midst of the Jordan Valley with its slime pits and ugly desolation. Nearby was the ancient city of Jericho, now a few mounds with the ruins of brick walls revealed by the archaeologist's spade. Standing on one of these highest mounds I looked over the landscape. To the southward over a grotesque and repellent waste of sickly white and yellow sand and clay I could see the green water of the Dead Sea covered with the mist of its own eternal evaporation. Eastward a dense tangled growth of willows and shrubbery marked the course of the Jordan, and beyond rose the mountains of Moab, delicate, dream like, spirituelle, the dome of Nebo recalling the great law-giver and the days of the Exodus. Across the plain, grim and terrible, with its beetling precipices and terrific masses of rock, rose the Mount of the Temptation. And somewhere amid those square chiseled mountain blocks, in the awful and savage grandeur of that mountain, our Lord looked down upon this spot where I was now standing, then a great and populous city with its lights and its music, while His soul wrestled in the darkness with the powers of the unseen world. And through its streets as the thronging crowd pressed upon Him, that same One later walked to find welcome and hospitality in one of those ruined houses beneath my feet, then the home of Zaccheus. To stand on that spot, where once the trumpets of the Hebrews had laid low the walls, to look out upon that plain where once Sodom and Gomorah had stood, to see those mountains of Moab where Moses looked upon the Promised Land from afar, to watch the winding course of the Jordan, sacred in song and story, to lift my eyes to the mountains of the wilderness of Judea or to turn them to where at my feet gleamed the mirror of the fountain of the prophet—brought to me a flood of emotions too deep for words. I was in a land where every stone was vocal with memories, every hill and valley reminiscent of a Sacred name or a Scripture event. And this is the charm of Palestine, as it fell upon me there at Jericho, that in this tiny country, one is face to face at every turn of the road with sacred sights and scenes, and that the old Book lives again in this, its native land.



GRAND HYPOSTYLE HALL, KARNAK
August 15, 1921

Karnak by Moonlight

THE burning orb of the sun had ended its sovereign sway over the land of the Nile for another day and had sunk behind the horizon, and the swift Egyptian night had fallen, but the air was still hot and not a leaf was stirring. On the porch of the little pension dinner had been served by candle-light, and the barefooted Arab waiter had retired with his whispered "Mah salaami." Over the nearby mosque the moon was just rising when there was a touch on my arm and by me stood my Coptic dragoman Saleeb, and in the street below the patient donkeys.

We soon passed by the more pretentious dwellings of Luxor into the outskirts of the village, and into a long avenue of sycamores that overhung the dark waters of an irrigation ditch. On we padded through the thick, warm dust of the road. Silently, so close that we could touch them, a long file of loaded camels passed like ghosts in the night. Then came groups of gaily clad men, ever chatting, and bands of women in trailing black robes, ever silent. Now and then there opened the vista of the interior of a mud hut, with its dim shadowy figures of kneeling camels and huddled sheep, and in the center of the courtyard the flare of coals in the fireplace and the flitting figures of women, the recumbent forms of men. But none spoke any word, and the sharp, vicious bark of the dogs was our only greeting as we passed. A little hillock was crowded with dark figures, and through the night came a weird, monotonous chant. "It is a whirling dervish," was Saleeb's answer to my spoken query. At last we reached the wonderful avenue of sphinxes with the majestic pylon at its end that marks the entrance to the great Temple of Karnak. A short colloquy with the Arab guard, an iron door swung wide, and we stood in the courtyard of the most famous of all Egypt's temples.

All around, in the confusion created by centuries of earthquake, war and vandalism, lay masses of vast stones, overturned and broken statues, fragments of obelisks, pediments of columns, like some gigantic wreckage left by the grim sport of Titans. Before me rose two huge tapering monolithic obelisks, and one mighty towering column, still complete and perfect, to witness to the one time magnificence of this greater outer court. Yet now in ruins, seen thus in the moonlight, with all its harsher out-

lines softened, the scene was entrancingly beautiful, a realm of romance and of mystery.

It was but a few steps more and I stood in that part of the temple that the hand of man and time had spared such utter ruin,—the great Hypostyle Hall of Karnak.

All about me was a veritable forest of columns, so immense and massive as to have seemed squat and heavy, had not their great height and the graceful lotus-capitals that crowned them given them a lift and lightness that made them beautiful. As one gazed at those hundred enormous columns, as the eye wandered up to the fragments of the huge roof that still remained, wonder and awe filled the mind. That majestic temple seemed too great for human hands, a work rather of demigods than of men.

I was standing in the midst of the central portion of the shrine, once covered by a great stone roof from wind and weather. But the roof has long since gone, and the temple stands open to the sky. Seen by day it is a myriad huge columns overpowering the beholder with their size and majesty. But now, in the moonlight, some of the darkness and mystery that once held sway here had returned. Down into those dim recesses the moon was sending long shafts of light. Here and there in its brilliant rays stood revealed the chiseled figure of some god or king of ancient Egypt, or the delicate traceries of some lotus-capital. But into the cavernous depths of the vast interior the moonlight could not penetrate, and the larger part of the temple was wrapped in darkness. The night was warm and intensely still. No sound could be heard save the distant monotonous chant of the dervish on his hillside. Standing thus it seemed to me that I could almost see in the darkness the swirl of white garments, smell the fragrance of perfumed censers, and the dervish's chant became the song of priest and celebrant as they swept through those dim colonnades. All about me were the ghosts of those ancient days when Rameses the Great ruled this land of the Nile and this vast temple was filled with worshippers.

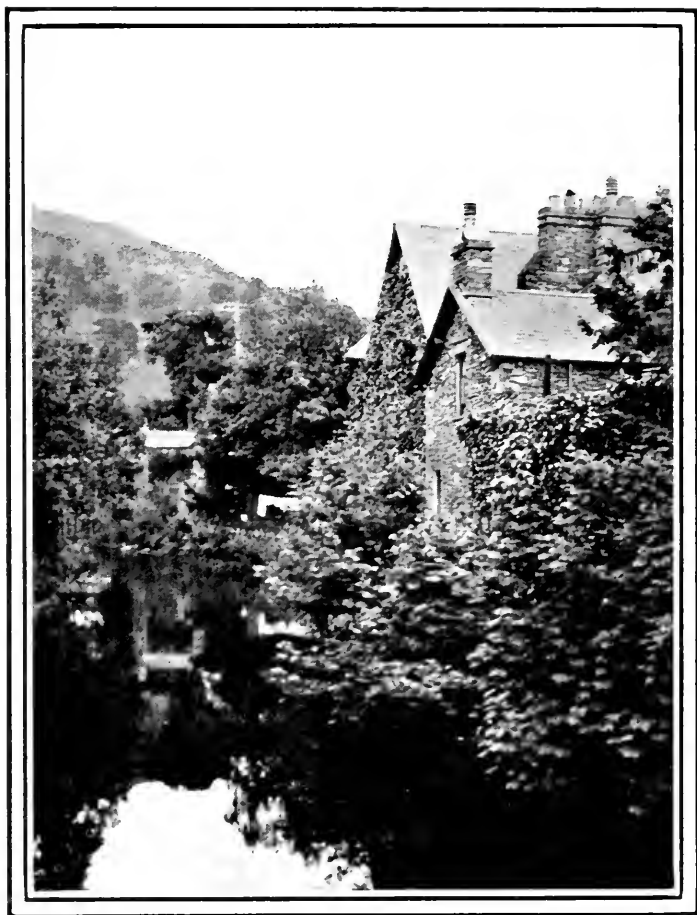
In the warm silence of that summer night the glory of old Egypt laid hold on me, her power, her grandeur, as expressed in those great columns, huge statues, mighty obelisks, tumbled masses of stone. Egypt lies in ruins, her story is an oft-told tale, but the spell of Egypt lingers on at Karnak, and it fell on the soul of one who stood in that majestic temple one moonlight night and listened to the whispers of the Past.

IX

The Paradise of
the Poets

*Far from my dearest friends, 'tis mine to rove
Through bare grey dell, high wood and pastoral core,
His wizard course where hourly Derwent takes
Through crags and forest glooms, and opening lakes.
Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer
Of giant yews that frown on Rydal's mere;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedgerows and to emerald meads,
Her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds
Her rocky sheepwalks and her woodland bounds.*

—WORDSWORTH.



VIEW FROM BRIDGE, GRASMERE
June 20, 1921

The Paradise of the Poets

AT SUNSET of that June day we found ourselves standing by the shores of a little lake awaiting the ferry that was to carry us to our hotel. Across the lake the hotel, a three-story building of rubble, with green ivy drooping over window and wall, nestled amid masses of trees at the foot of a long range of mist-covered hills. The short ferry trip revealed a charming vista of green islands and winding channels ending on the western horizon in a great range of purple mountains massed against the silvery western sky. We were at Windermere, in the heart of the English lake-country, made immortal by the English poets, and every little hill, every lake, every waterfall, every stream was enshrined in verse by those famous bards who lived in this paradise and sang its praises in their poetry. One of those distant peaks was Coniston, beneath whose shadow is the former home of Tennyson and in its quiet churchyard the grave of John Ruskin. Around the lake are the favorite dwelling places of Mrs. Hemans and Christopher North. And as we journeyed the next day to Grasmere and its tiny lake amid the reeds, we passed the homes of Harriet Martineau, champion of freedom; and Dr. Arnold of Rugby immortalized in "Tom Brown's School Days"; "Nab Cottage," where Coleridge and Dr. Quincey once lived; and residences made forever famous by Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Bronte, John Keats, Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Southey, Charles Lamb, and Shelley, nestle amid these hills and by these charming lakes. But the poet-laureate of this exquisitely beautiful lake country was Wordsworth, and scarce a place in all this region that Lowell called "Wordsworthshire" but finds its mention in his poetry. Rydal Water, Duddon Valley, Derwentwater, Rothay, Ullswater,—at every turn we looked upon some scene made immortal by its mention by Wordsworth.

And to lovers of Wordsworth his shrine is found in the little village of Grasmere. Here we found a quaint two-story cottage bowered in vines, with a tiny garden in the rear. The interior is but dimly lighted by diamond-paned windows and the little rooms are furnished with the simplest furniture. Yet here in what he called

"The lovely cottage in the guardian nook"

dwelt William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy for ten years;

and here this great poet of Nature amid the sylvan beauty of this sequestered spot

“learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing, oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.”

And here it was that he came to know the God who reveals himself in nature, and on that old black table in the corner of his study at Grasmere he could write:

“I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

Filled with the memories of this gentle bard who was truly

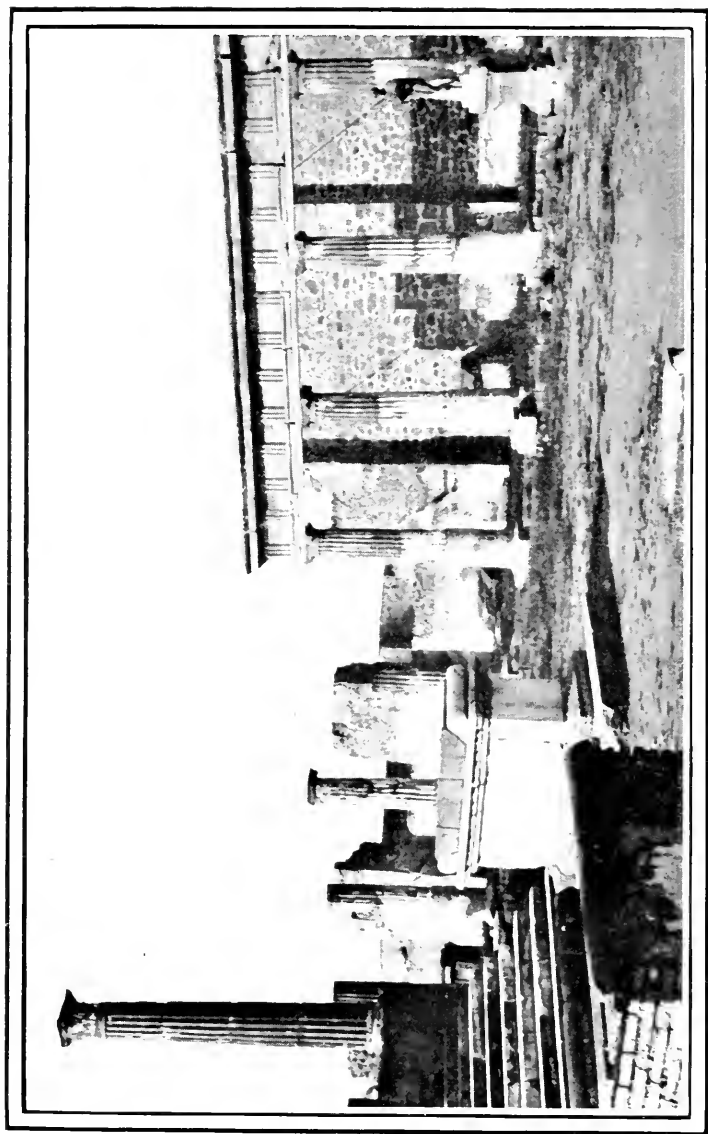
“A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains—”

I strolled that evening through the winding streets of the little village in the long northern twilight. I passed ivy-covered houses, their dooryards full of hollyhocks and wallflowers, by hedgerows fragrant with roses, through a bowling-green where two old men were solemnly playing bowls, and sat down at last to rest on the stone wall of a bridge that spanned a tiny stream in the center of the village. On one side of the stream, rising from the water's edge, were a cluster of houses, ivy-mantled from roof-tree to ground, reflected as in a mirror in the limpid waters of the stream; on the other the little parish church in whose churchyard Wordsworth sleeps his last deep sleep. The mists hung over the rocky peak of Helm Crag above me, and the darkening shadows began to fall. All around were the bracken covered hills, the silvery waterfalls, the green woods with the soft splotch of color of an occasional copper-beech, the charming tarns and fells, the blue lakes, the sloping velvety meadows; and before me that crystal stream set in its framework of emerald—a picture of perfect peace. And I did not wonder that this was to the poets what Southey called “an earthly paradise,” or that Wordsworth prayed to be laid to rest under the yew trees in Grasmere churchyard.

X

A Ramble Through Pompeii

*"To stand within the City Disinterred
And hear the autumnal leaves like light footfalls,
Of spirits passing through the streets, and hear
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through these roofless halls."*



TEMPLE OF APOLLO, POMPEII
August 3, 1921

A Ramble Through Pompeii

WHEEZING and puffing, with many a jolt and jar, the decrepit Italian train crawled slowly along from Naples to Pompeii that hot August day while dust and cinders swirled in clouds through the open windows of our compartment. Yet these many discomforts were compensated by the view of the blue bay on our right and the changing panorama of groves and vineyards and quaint stone villages on our left. And now here and there in the railroad cuts could be seen ugly lava beds, and the great cone of Vesuvius with its pillar of white smoke drew steadily nearer; and the shadow of that tragedy that on that other August day so long ago overwhelmed that smiling Roman city hung over us as we alighted at the station marked "Pompeii."

No trace of the old city was to be seen as we walked up a long winding avenue among the trees until we came to a long incline of rough stone pavement and passed under a stone archway, and suddenly we found ourselves in old Pompeii. There it was before us, buried for nineteen centuries from the sight and memory of man and uncovered once more by the archaeologist's spade to the light of day. We were walking on the very pavements over which the gay Pompeians passed, and in the lava-blocks of the street could be seen the ruts worn by the chariot wheels, and there were the stepping stones by which the Pompeian ladies daintily walked dry-shod as they crossed the oft-flooded street. We passed a great open court and within were the remains of one of the public baths, the marble lined plunge as perfect as though just builded, the colors still bright upon its portico and pillars. Here was a bake shop with its great brick ovens in which were found charred loaves with the baker's stamp upon them, ready for the morrow that never came. There was a wine shop with its marble counter and amphorae where the convivial spirits met to quaff the sparkling Falernian.

Another corner and we found ourselves in the old Forum. On one side was the public market and the remains of fruits and vegetables still were to be seen among the ashes, and nearby the fish market with fish scales still to be seen beneath its counters. And all about, on walls and buildings were bulletins, official business, notices of elections, tax lists, scrawls and names and all that literary miscellany that gathers in a public place in every age. What a strange feeling comes over one's soul to see these relics of the daily life and thought of so long ago. All about were altars and columns and porticos and pillars and broken statues—remains of the fine temples to Mercury and Apollo and Isis that

once bordered this great square. Near by were the palaces and fine homes, most of them now roofless and in ruins, but with the once bright colors of floor and pillar to be seen and on the walls the wonderful mosaics and frescoes that were the glory of old Pompeii.

One house still remains, partly restored by modern hands to give us some faint idea of the beauty of a Pompeian home, the House of the Vettii. One passed through the atrium or reception room into the peristyle, the heart of the house. Its large court, open to the sky, surrounded by a corridor of marble pillars; its gay formal gardens, fountains and statues, marble benches and pools, make a scene of such exquisite beauty as one only sees in dreams. No wonder Pompeii was the Riviera of old Rome, nor that the charm of its blue sky and beauteous homes drew to it the Roman nobles for rest and pleasure.

For hours we rambled on through the streets and houses of this old Roman city, fascinated by the intriguing thoughts as we looked upon the very inmost life of the days of Imperial Rome. We came at last into the great amphitheater, tier upon tier of stone benches where once 20,000 people sat through the long afternoon while on the grassy arena where we stood gladiators fought "to make a Roman holiday." And here upon the walls of the entrance was this inscription in Latin, "A troop of gladiators will fight in this amphitheater the last day of August." How strange to read these words! For that day never came, but while the people were gathered in this place, as Bulwer-Lytton so vividly portrays it, that great mountain that still towers over Pompeii hurled its flaming death upon the doomed city, to lie here forgotten, until in our day we can walk again its streets and stand in its amphitheater and muse upon its departed glories.

Footsore and weary, we left Pompeii at the end of that wonderful day of poignant memories and set our faces again toward Naples. And as we passed on our way again through the vineyards and groves, past towns and villages, my thoughts were still in Pompeii and busy with that day so long ago when all in a moment that beautiful city passed from life to death. Even now, tenantless and empty, it slumbers on under the blue Italian sky, but my walk through its streets had made it seem as though it were again peopled with those happy folk that there laughed the hours away. Its bright paintings are faded, its splendid temples in ruins, yet some touch of its glory lingers yet amid its desolation, and its tragic fate tugs at the heartstrings. And as I turned for a last look, there hung over Pompeii that vast white mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke from Vesuvius, beautiful yet sinister, menacing prophecy of some other Dies Irae, that by the wrath of this monster volcano may transform some other city by that blue bay into a second City of the Dead.

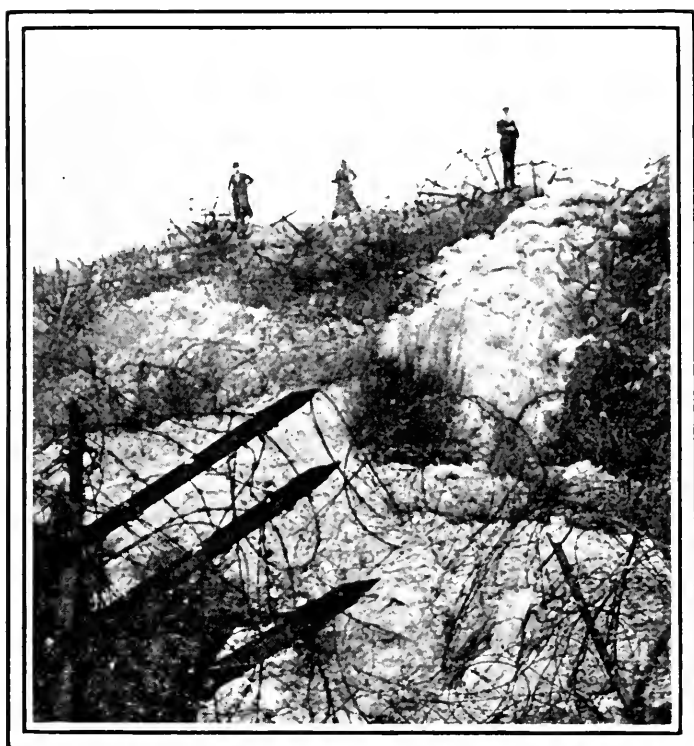
In Flanders Fields

*In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

—JOHN McCRAE.



BELGIAN BATTLEFIELDS

In Flanders Fields

I WAS in "Flanders Fields". Early that June morning we had left the hotel at Ostende in a great charabanc, or motor-bus, and had jolted over the rutted stone roads of Flanders, bound for the battlefields. The road ran straight as an arrow beneath great double rows of trees, through fields lush with the green of growing wheat and rye and flax, past quaint Flemish stone farm-houses with their courtyards, stone-walled and filled with livestock and implements, and through tiny villages, huddles of stone dwellings with pointed roofs and mullioned windows. All was peaceful as with the sweet calm of a perfect Sabbath morning. Sturdy peasant women looked up with a smile from their household tasks as we passed. Old men sunning themselves in open doorways touched their hats. Chubby Belgian children waved and cheered as we swept by them. No one would ever dream as he passed through that smiling countryside that this picturesque Flemish land had ever known the horrors of war, or echoed for four years with the incessant crash of great guns and the shriek of flying shells.

But the long line of elms that overarched the roadway came to an abrupt end, and beyond it stretched a row of bare, branchless boles and stumps, bleached ghastly white like skeletons; the stone fences ended in heaps of broken masonry; and we suddenly found ourselves face to face with the wreckage of war. All in an instant we had passed from heaven to hell. What an inferno of desolation was here! The broad rolling fields with their squares of green were gone; and all about us was a tumbled mass of dirt and stones, torn, pitted, gashed, tortured out of all semblance to the good brown Mother Earth; here white with piles of crumbled concrete, here gray with masses of gas-poisoned dead shrubbery, here dirty yellow from the sulphurous fumes of exploded mines. In place of the ordered symmetry of the cultivated lands we had left behind, all here was chaos. Great craters dug by monster shells were everywhere, long crooked trenches wound in every direction, still holding in their wattled walls the dirty torn sandbags behind which men once crouched for safety. We crossed a muddy ditch, full of debris, and foul with stagnant pools of green slime; the ugly relic of the once pretty little river Yser, for whose possession men fought in legions upon its banks until it ran red with human blood.

We were now in the very heart of the war-torn district of Belgium where German and Briton fought in ooze and muck for

four long years, one of the bloodiest battlefields of all human history, the "Flanders Fields" of that gallant soldier-poet who died here to give to his little poem immortality. Over yonder lay Dixmude and Ypres, martyr-cities, whose crucified spirits still seem to mourn over those ghastly piles of broken masonry where once their happy children lived. All around us were great shattered stone observation towers, broken fragments of bomb-proofs, great masses of rusting barb wire, long lines of entanglements and scattered heaps of discarded gun carriages, old iron roofs, motor lorries, shattered cannon and fragments of shells, on and on in endless confusion as far as the eye could see. What a waste of ruin, desolation, horror! And as we passed onward, to crown the scene with its full measure of awfulness were the acres of white crosses, "row on row," that mark the last resting-place of the mortal remains of ten thousands of heroes like Colonel McRae, with whom our lads that lie beneath their crosses in France kept faith in answer to his great challenge. In that hour I was face to face with all the stark, fearful, ghastly wreckage of war. And this was "Flanders Fields" as I saw it that beautiful June day.

And yet "in Flanders Fields the poppies grow." Everywhere, over bomb-proofs and through the ugly barbs of wire entanglements and crowning the long lines of trenches flamed the scarlet poppies, blood-red as though they were the expression of the sacrificial spirit of those thousands who lie beneath those torn fields of Flanders. Reverently I stooped and plucked one of those scarlet blossoms. To me they were the very efflorescence of heroism. And as I gazed out over those war-scarred fields I saw everywhere the lush grass growing green over trench and tower, the flaming poppies covering ruined wall and broken cannon. It was as though nature was mercifully seeking to obliterate those awful wounds human hate had made.

To me that scene, with those silent and gentle influences of nature slowly but surely covering over the wreck that man had made, was prophetic. Some day the harmony and beauty of God's universe shall prevail over the discord and ugliness created by human sin. "Flanders Fields," ugly and terrible, grim and awful, a shambles for four years, a desolation now, shall be redeemed again to beauty and peace, and that expanse of scarlet poppies, which was the last sight we had of it as we sped on our way, was the flaming prophecy of its new day.

XII

Blue Galilee

*"Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the Syrian
star*

*Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake Gennesar,
Girdled by mountains that range purple and proud
to their crests*

*Bearing the burden of dreams—glamor of eld on
their breasts;*

*And over all and through all memories sweet of His
name*

*Kindling the past with their light, touching the
future with flame."*

—SCOLLARD.



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE

Blue Galilee

THE road northward from Nazareth wound among the rocky hills past Gath-Hepher, the reputed birthplace of Jonah, through Cana of Galilee, the scene of Jesus' first miracle; and then for miles across a great tableland until we came in sight of two large hills, separated by a saddle of rock, the Horns of Hattin, where Jesus is said to have uttered those immortal words we call the Sermon on the Mount. Below was a long slope of cultivated ground, the traditional place of the feeding of the five thousand. And then from afar there was the gleam of water through a rift in the hills, and we saw far below us, set like a gem of lapis lazuli amid its brown encircling hills, the Lake of Galilee. Swiftly descending the steep winding road, we passed through pastures filled with sheep, by long hedges of dusty cactus, past a ruined fortress of Crusader days into the town of Tiberius. Once a thriving city, it is now a wretched village of flat-roofed houses and filthy streets, only the crumbling towers and ruined walls amid which the modern town is builded giving evidence of its ancient glory. From the elevated porch of our hotel we looked down upon a scene of poverty and squalor—a marketplace filled with ragged men and black-robed women noisily bargaining in true Oriental fashion for the wares that filled the sidewalks. But that evening the softening light of the August moon gave to the place a touch of romance as it rose behind the minaret of the nearby mosque with its two guardian palm trees and suffused the squalid houses with its silvery splendor.

The next day we embarked in a fishing boat with its lateen sail and our crew of three Syrian boatmen and found ourselves on the blue lake. It was strangely reminiscent of the familiar gospel story to feel the sudden gusts of wind that swept down from the hills to heel the boat over until the water almost came over the gunwale. One could not but remember that day when in such a little boat One slept in its bow while just such a sudden squall struck terror into the hearts of His fishermen disciples. Our destination was Capernaum and after an hour's sail we landed at the pebbly beach, and walked through a grove of eucalyptus and palms to the mass of ruins that marks the site of Capernaum. Here was the headquarters of the Galilean Ministry of Jesus and this was His adopted city. Once a busy place, as the custom port of the lake, nothing remains now to mark its site except the ruins of the synagogue. Here a French priest has been toiling for years, patiently and with loving care uncovering

stone by stone this ancient sanctuary. At least three-fourths of the building has thus been brought to the light of day and it was with many a thrill that we wandered about among the broken walls and piles of stone, for upon these carved pedestals and elaborate friezes the eyes of Christ must many times have rested, and perhaps one of these many pillars his hands may have touched. Courteous and kindly, the priest led us about. He pointed out the fact that carved lions and eagles before us were contrary to Jewish law, that forbade any "graven images", that the whole synagogue was more Roman than Jewish, and how all this confirmed that incidental reference in the gospels to the generous centurion (Luke 7:5), whose work this building doubtless is. He told us that when his task is finished, he hopes from that mass of stone to rebuild this old synagogue as it was in the Master's day.

From this place, with its sacred memories, we took boat again and landed near Bethsaida at a little place called Tabagha, where a priest has built a little pension or hotel. Climbing the rocky path, we came out upon a terrace high above the lake, and under the shade of palm trees and oleanders, we were served with afternoon tea.

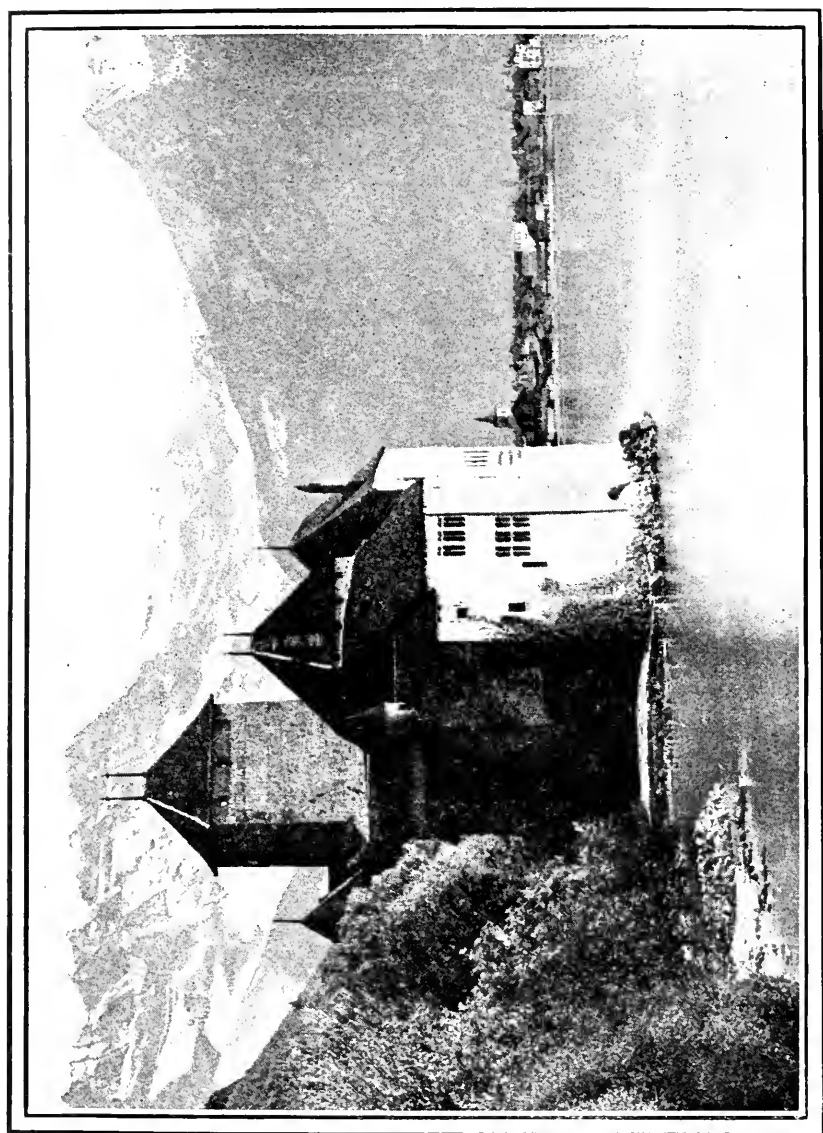
Sitting thus in the peace of that summer afternoon I looked out over the blue lake environed by the brown hills that shut it in on every side. And my mind went back to those days of our New Testament, when these barren hills were clothed with verdure, and all about the lake were the white cities—Bethsaida, Capernaum, Magdala, Tiberius, Gadera—and the scores of Roman villas with their marble terraces and green gardens—the lake alive with sails. Over yonder was once the little wharf where the sons of Zebedee dried their nets, and there on the lake the sturdy boat of Andrew and Peter. And by its shores there stood one day One whose commanding presence transformed these rugged Galileans into "fishers of men". About blue Galilee lingers yet the spell of those sacred scenes and the spirit of Jesus seemed very near to me that day as I sat under the oleanders and looked out upon the sparkling waters and dreamed of the days of the Man of Galilee.

XIII

The Castle of Chillon

*"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none these marks efface
For the appeal from tyranny to God."*

—BYRON.



CHILLON CASTLE AND LAKE GENEVA

The Castle of Chillon

LIKE a journey through an enchanted land was that morning ride across Lake Geneva. Behind us lay the parks and palaces of old Geneva, before us rose the castellated summits of the Alps, and on the banks of the lake we passed an ever changing, ever charming panorama of great chateaux, tiny chalets, smiling villages, stately hotels, each framed with verdure and brilliant flowers and reflected in the smooth waters of the lake. No wonder that Voltaire, Dumas and Hugo praised the beauty of this Lake Lemman, nor that, floating on its placid surface, Byron could write "Childe Harold". We passed Nyon with its crumbling old castle, Lausanne with its chateaux and its great cathedral and came to the sun-bathed strip of hotels, parks and stores that bears the name of Montreux, the winter Paradise of Europe. From the window of my room high up in the palatial hotel I gazed down upon a wonderful terraced park and out upon the lake, blazing like a burnished mirror in the midday sun, and far on the dim horizon rose the cloud-like summit of Mt. Blanc.

That afternoon we visited the historic Castle of Chillon which has been immortalized by the genius of Byron. Rising from the waters of the lake, this venerable pile recalls his familiar lines:—

*"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below
Its many waters meet and flow."*

As we crossed the ancient moat and drawbridge we felt as though we had suddenly passed from the twentieth to the fifteenth century. For just beyond the gloomy archway we stepped into a dim old room, its great timbered ceiling black with age, on its walls and chimney grotesque old paintings and in the center of the room the brass culverins that once flamed death in some medieval battle. All around us, as we crossed a square flagged courtyard, were rough stone walls green with ivy and mullioned windows bowered in vines, and up a steep stairway we passed to enter into the very Dwelling-Place of Romance. For we stood in the old dining hall of the Dukes of Savoy, with its great fifteenth century fireplace, and carved oak pillars, and in one corner a quaint old sixteenth century tile stove. How that oak table in the center of the room must once have groaned beneath the heaped up viands of ducal feasts and those heavy timbers of the ceiling reverberated to the shouts of revelers. Finer still was the great Hall of Justice, once the grand salon

with its beautiful black marble columns and fine old brown paneled ceiling. From the arched windows with their deep embrasures one looked out upon the sparkling waters of the lake. How many a perfumed gallant must have sat by his lady love in these old window seats, and whispered honeyed nothings in her waiting ear, while the plash of the waters below made music for their amours. Up another stairway and through the ducal bedroom with its wierd medieval paintings of animals and trees on the walls, we passed into the magnificent Hall of the Chevaliers with its wonderful medieval furniture, its vivid-hued medallions with their coats of arms, and from the windows an even more splendid view of lake and mountain. For the charm of this old castle is enhanced a thousandfold by that lake in which it is embosomed. And the tiny chapel with its arches and bays, its whole interior covered with beautiful decorations and paintings of the thirteenth century, crowns the old castle with its final touch of exquisite beauty. That wonderful afternoon amid those halls and courtyards, around that swaying gallery with its loopholes for the archers, its moats and towers, brought up before my very eyes as nothing else I saw in all Europe that era of chivalry with its splendid pageantry of color, its clash of arms, its romance and its beauty.

And then—we went down into the dungeons of Chillon—and all the glamour and splendor faded away. For we stood shudderingly in that awful torture chamber whose grotesque decorations seemed like dreams of the damned, and with a recoil of horror were shown that open door by which the mangled bodies of those who in that room found a lingering death were thrown into the oblivious waters of the lake. A long stone corridor—and we found ourselves in a great chamber hewn out of the solid rock, with vaulted Gothic arches borne on stone columns, and high-barred windows from which a lone bar of sunlight streamed into this cold dungeon to fall upon a stone column at whose base is a great iron ring and chain. Here for four long years, round and round this pillar at the tether of that chain, walked an old man, patriot and saint, chained here as a prisoner of Liberty,—Bonnivard, the hero of the people of Savoy, who has been immortalized by Byron in his “Prisoner of Chillon”. To stand in that dank dungeon all immured in cold gray stone and to think of the despair and the anguish of that lone prisoner in that dark vault

“like a living grave

Below the surface of the wave,”

was to feel the dark shadows of that cruel age when “man’s inhumanity to man” knew no pity, and had no mercy. Those splendid halls above were but as a fleeting dream, the permanent memory of the Castle of Chillon is of that terrible dungeon and

of that innocent sufferer whose living death has made of it a shrine.

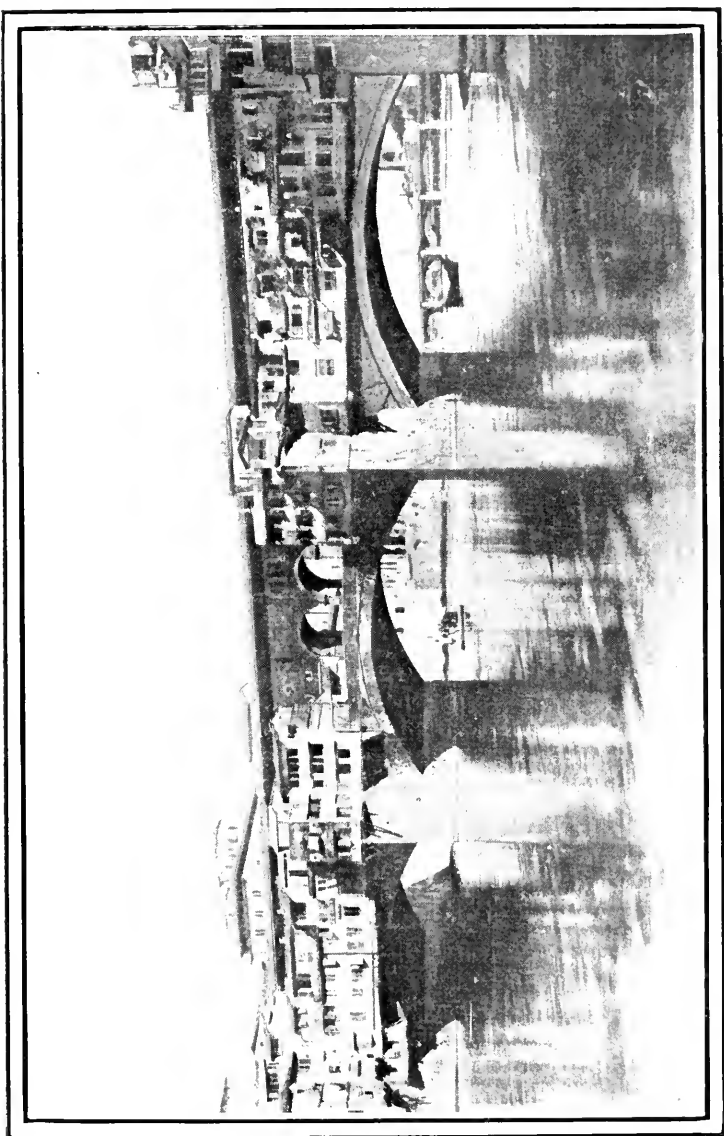
That night from the little balcony of my hotel I looked out upon a scene of heavenly beauty. Over the lake the full moon was shining, turning its vast expanse into silver, save where, under the shadows of the opposite mountains, it lay shrouded in velvety darkness. On the terrace below an orchestra was playing the "Traumerei". The snowy sails of a few boats and the lights of the lake-shore at my feet ended in a wooded promontory and at its extremity, clear cut as a cameo, were the crenellated battlements and square towers of the Castle of Chillon, rising like a dream castle from the waters of Lake Geneva. And far above it and beyond, brooding spirit-like above both lake and castle, rose the ghostly spires of the Dent du Midi, clothed in eternal snow. The moonlighted lake, the mystic mountains, the magic castle, the ethereal music, and over all the glamour of tradition and history, the haunting spell of romance—these made an hour of rapture whose memory shall never fade.

XIV

Florentine Vignettes

*"O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!"*

—S. T. COLERIDGE.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE

Florentine Vignettes

THE DUOMO

ENTERING the great square in the heart of Florence we stood before the world's most magnificent piece of architecture—the Duomo or cathedral. Covered from street to roof over its whole vast exterior with blocks of marble mellowed by the hand of time, its glorious facade like a screen of marble marquetry with its bewildering array of exquisitely carved windows, doorways, sculptured saints and angels, it seems like a golden dream of some artist soul, or the symphony of some master musician, rather than a real building. Enraptured we stood in admiring scrutiny of the great rose windows delicate as a lotus flower, the countless niches with their winged figures, each a poem in marble, the intricate and exquisite carvings of the countless archways and pillars—and all as ethereal as the breath of spring. And as if to overwhelm the beholder with beauty, there rises by the cathedral the marvelous Campanile of Giotto, which Ruskin declared the most perfect product of architecture in the world. Three hundred feet in height, sheathed in variegated marble, it looks like a piece of Florentine mosaic and its beauty is as exquisite as that of a perfect flower.

Within the huge interior we stood under that wonderful dome of Brunelleschi that seems vast as the canopy of heaven. Plain and severe in comparison with its sumptuous exterior, it is yet glorious with memories. For that dim interior was once crowded with eager Florentines, listening with beating hearts and bated breath as the great prophet of Florence, Savonarola, swayed their souls by his impassioned eloquence. From that marble pulpit in the Duomo as from a spiritual throne he ruled Florence until his death. And greater even than the splendor of this triumph of architecture was the glory of this triumphant soul. Savonarola has made the Duomo immortal.

THE PALAZZO VECCHIO

Frowning down upon the Square of the Senate is the Palazzo Vecchio, massive like a medieval fortress. Its ugly, strange, disproportionately lofty tower has cast its shadow for six hundred years over many a famous scene in this old historic square. In front of it stands Michael Angelo's famous statue of David, and on the side of the square is the marvelous outdoor sculpture gallery, the Loggia dei Lanzi, with its "Rape of the Sabines," "Perseus and Medusa," and other immortal statues. Romantic as are the memories of this old palace, beautiful as are the products of

Florentine art and genius that adorn this square, yet my imagination was not stirred to its very depths until I found in the pavement at my feet a bronze plate that marks the spot where Savonarola was burned at the stake. And my mind went back to that May day in 1498, when out from the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio he marched between his guards. As his white-robed figure mounted the pile of fagots, the crowd hooted and jeered. Calm and unmoved he stood, then raised his head and looked into their faces with the flashing gaze that had so often compelled obedience from thousands, and the mob was hushed into silence. The Bishop of Verona stripped off his priest's robe with the words, "I separate thee from the church militant and triumphant." Calm and clear came the answer—"Militant, yes; triumphant, no; that is not yours!" The flaming torches—the pillar of living fire—and with a prayer on his lips, that mighty man of vision,—preacher, prophet, and statesman—went to his reward. Somehow it seemed to me that his spirit lingers yet in that great Piazza under the shadow of that grim palace. For Savonarola loved Florence and for Florence he died.

THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE

Passing by an imposing statue of Dante in the square before it, we entered through the swaying brown curtains in its doorway the Westminster Abbey of Florence—the Church of Santa Croce. To walk about it that afternoon was to feel that one had fellowshiped with the immortals. For all about are the beautiful tombs of Florence greatest sons. Here is the cenotaph of Dante inscribed "Onorate l' altissimo Poeta." Here are the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Cherubini, Rossini, Machiavelli, Donatello, and that seemingly endless galaxy of genius that has made the name of Florence glorious. And all around were the marvelous frescoes of Giotto, the wonderful statues by Donatello. Here is the shrine of the soul of Florence, the "city of flowers," whose sons made her more beautiful by the consecration of their surpassing talents to her glory. To stand in this church is to feel upon one's soul the spell of those immortals whose greatness has made Florence the very home of beauty, the sanctuary of genius, the dwelling place of poetry, art and song.

THE PONTE VECCHIO

Six bridges span the silvery waters of the Arno but the oldest and most picturesque is the Ponte Vecchio. Standing in the tiny square on the center of the bridge I found myself looking upon a statue of Benvenuto Cellini. It is right and fitting that this sculptured form should occupy this place, for the bridge is still as it has been for five centuries, lined on either side with shops of goldsmiths and jewelers, and this master goldsmith of the ages stands here as patron saint. Generations of Florentines

have on this very spot where I was standing, watched the endless lines of human traffic, or looked down upon the ever-flowing waters of the Arno. And it was from this bridge that Tito leaped into the stream, as readers of "Romola" will remember. It was charming and romantic beyond words to describe to linger here or to wander amid its many shops with their glittering wares.

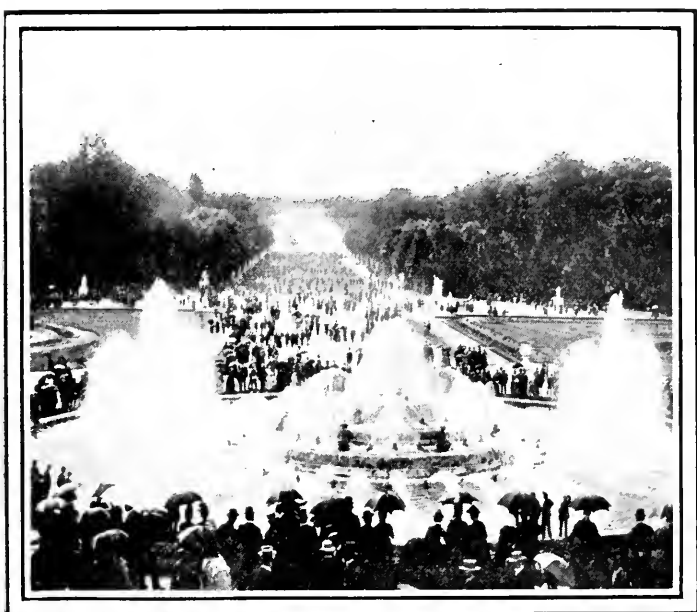
But the romance and beauty of this old bridge can best be seen as one views it from afar. Early that evening I wandered along the banks of the Arno until I came in sight of the Ponte Vecchio. The evening light had turned the river into a great ribbon of silver, and reflected in it as in a mirror was the bridge, with its graceful arches, its tiled roof, its gray walls—looking with its four stories, the buildings clinging to its walls, its innumerable windows, like a huge beehive, spanning the waters of the river. The light dimmed, the waters darkened, the lights of the bridge began to glow, and the last view I had of Florence was of the Ponte Vecchio, highway of the centuries, romantic with memories, crouching above the waters of the Arno, like a sleeping giant keeping watch over the silent city.

XV

Versailles

*“Oh, que Versailles était superbe
Dans ces jours purs de tout affront
Ou les prosperites en gerbe
S’épanouissent sur son front.”*

—HUGO.



THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

Versailles

STRAIGHT through the heart of Paris runs the Champs Elysees, the world's most magnificent boulevard, and it was out by this splendid highway, past the Arch of Triumph, beneath whose shadow now lies France's unknown hero, that we drove through the Bois de Boulogne and through the park of Versailles to the Grand Trianon. This Italian villa, with its relics of the days of the monarchy visited, we spent some time in the adjoining building amid the state carriages and palanquins of Madame Maintenon, Madame Pompadour, Napoleon I and III. Gorgeous with red and gold, elaborate with carving and rich with many-hued upholstery, they are a riot of color, but all their splendor pales beside the coronation coach of Charles V, the most splendid and costly carriage ever built. It was a relief to turn from this sumptuous sight to the simple pastoral beauty of the Little Trianon, that small chateau and park which Louis XVI gave to Marie Antoinette. Here the fair queen and the ladies of the court forgot the cares of state in playing at farm life. The little dairy and the vine-covered mill, seen amid the great trees and across the lily-strewn ponds of this park with their rustic bridges, make a picture never to be forgotten, and recall those days of gaiety when royalty laid aside its robes and here returned to its carefree youth.

Crossing a courtyard of immense proportions we found ourselves before a vast complex of buildings, the great palace of Versailles, the hunting lodge of Louis XIII, which Louis Quatorze, well named "the Magnificent", turned into the most splendid royal residence in Europe. Many of the most dramatic events in French history have taken place in this courtyard, and from its central balcony was announced the death of each king. We passed up the staircase and through the splendid rooms and corridors filled with paintings, statues and historical relics, each one seemingly more splendid than the one before. The Hall of the Tennis Court recalls the days of the French Revolution and was the cradle of French liberty. The Coronation Hall is memorable for its great canvases and for the impressive statue of "Napoleon's Last Days at St. Helena" in which the sculptor has depicted the despair and heartbreak of that great soul. The Hall of Mirrors, with its vast expanse of mirrors and the view of the parks and gardens through its lofty windows, is not only splendid with its memories of the past glories of the French monarchs once reflected from its walls, but has been given a new place in history as the room in which the Peace Confer-

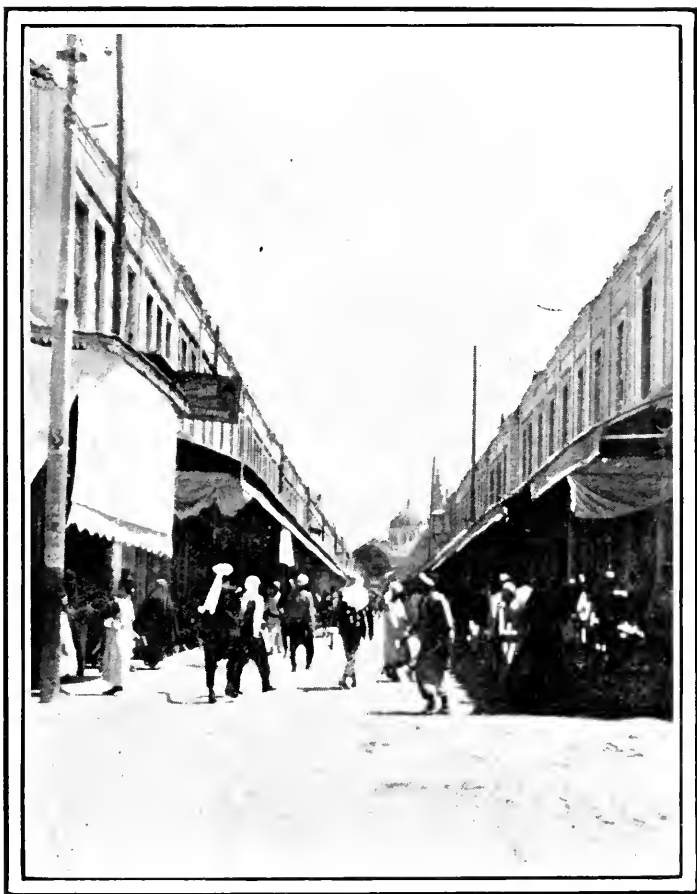
ence held its sessions. Most magnificent of all these great halls is the Gallery of Battles, with its seemingly endless perspective of busts of famous generals, its series of historical paintings, its polished floor and gilded ceiling.

But the crown of Versailles is its immense park, with the gardens and fountains. Seen from the steps at the back of the palace, one looks down a long tree-bordered vista of fountains, lawns, esplanades and marble basins that seems to end only at the horizon line. And everywhere are shaded walks and avenues, and amid the green trees the multitude of marble statues that people the park of Versailles. The park is beautiful enough but its supreme glory is found in the magnificent fountains whose playing is called the "Grandes Eaux." Through two long hours we waited, but the sight was splendid enough to have compensated for any wait. Promptly at four o'clock the Fountain of Latona began to play, then the more distant Fountain of Apollo. From apertures of every size, and set at every conceivable angle, the flashing waters sent their columns of white spray high into the air, the myriad drops glittering like diamonds in the sun. The effect was to transform the whole scene into an artist's dream. Wherever one turned he saw reflected from a still pool or in relief against a background of green trees, those ever-changing, flashing, ethereal columns of white spray. Moment by moment the panorama held our breathless attention, then suddenly the waters began to fall lower and lower; then were still. But only with a renewed power to find the climax of their display in the Basin of Neptune. Here in this colossal pool there broke forth such a bewildering, coruscating, rainbow-crowned outburst of fountains, geysers, cascades as to dazzle the eyes and ravish the soul. And as I turned at the top of the steps for one last look at this stupendous panorama of park and lane and pool and lawn and fountain I felt that I had indeed looked upon a supreme creation of French genius and art, a fairyland of beauty that recalled those days when Louis the Magnificent held court amid this royal splendor. Over Versailles still hangs the glitter and glamour of those golden days.

Damascus

*"The dim dark speck in the distance grew green and
broad and large,
And lo! a minaret's slender spear on the line of its
widening marge;
And now we rode in the shadow of boughs that were
blossom-sweet,
While the gurgle of crystal waters rilled up through
the swooning heat.
And sudden or ever we dreamed it, did the orchards
give apart,
And there was the bowtered city with the flood of its
orient heart;
There was the endless pageant that surged through
the arching gate;
There was the slim Bride's Minaret and the ancient
"street called Straight."*

—C. SCOLLARD.



A STREET IN DAMASCUS
August 26, 1921

Damascus

FOR long hours we had been riding across the great tableland of the Hauran that merged in the distance with the long slopes of the Lebanon range. As far as the eye could see was a barren waste of rocks and the road had become a rough, rocky trail over which the automobile toiled slowly. Now and then we passed a little flock of goats near the stone huts of a Druse village with the goatherd seated nearby, but otherwise the land appeared deserted.

At midday we halted for lunch by a muddy little stream that bore the historic name of Pharpar. Then we pushed on. The unending rocky fields began to be varied by patches of sand. The heat was intense and stifling, the only breeze that created by the motion of the car. We were in the desert of Syria—a land of iron under a sky of brass. At last we topped a rise and the guide pointed to where on the distant horizon lay a line of vivid green and uttered the magic word “Damascus!”

It was the open sesame to a host of memories. Could those rocks by the wayside speak, what tales they could tell—of Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Tartar, Mongol, Bedouin, Frank—of that endless line of traders, soldiers, kings, priests, slaves, pilgrims—who had in the bygone centuries wound along that old caravan road on foot and horseback or camel and in chariot, to stop even as we were doing now,—and gaze at that first view of that green oasis in the desert. But my wandering thoughts swiftly centered on one traveler who had passed that way one midday long ago, and the words sang themselves in my ears:

“As he journeyed with companions towards Damascus—”

I shut my eyes for a moment and was far away across the sea in the dear church at home and a rich contralto voice was singing this recitative of Mendelssohn’s beautiful aria. Warmly comforting the voice and the music sounded on—

“But the Lord is mindful of His own.”

It was on this road and perhaps on this very spot that that light beyond the glory of the noonday arrested the mad career of Saul, the persecutor, and that pleading voice from heaven,—“Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?”—transformed him from the messenger of hate into the apostle of love, and as we sped

on along the road the haunting refrain merged with the whir of the flying wheels—

“But the Lord is mindful of His own.”

Yes, truly; and not only in that hour when he saved those frightened Christians of Damascus from the sword, but wherever and whenever the souls of men have turned to him for help and succor.

We were closer now,—and white buildings and graceful minarets towered above the green foliage and soon we were speeding past groves of figs and pomegranates into the city of Damascus, crown of Syria, the oldest city in the world. Everywhere was verdure and the sound of running water. We caught glimpses of gardens behind white walls, vistas of cool courtyards with flowers and bubbling fountains, then followed the silvery waters of the Abana to the park in the center of the city. No wonder that Damascus—set like an emerald in the midst of that gray waste of desolation about her,—seemed to the desert dwellers who looked upon her an earthly paradise. No wonder that Mohammed, as the legend runs, refused to enter the city lest he be unable later to enjoy the delights of the Moslem heaven.

The muezzin's call from the minaret of the mosque summoned us forth that afternoon to a visit to the bazaars of Damascus—the meeting place of the ends of the earth. Syrians, Jews, Egyptians, Copts, Bedouins from the desert, Circassians, Druses, Turks, French, Sudanese, Libyans—jostled one another in the narrow crowded streets. Long covered arcades, where one passed from the glaring sun to semi-darkness stretched on interminably. On either side of the alley-like streets (where camels, donkeys, push carts, men, women and carriages disputed the right of way) were little stalls open to the street; full of goods that overflowed onto the sidewalk. Seated cross-legged within, eager, garrulous, the traders and shopkeepers bargained and haggled just as in the days of Abraham.

Here in the murky darkness amid dust and the smoke of torch and blowpipe were the goldsmiths, manufacturing jewelry by methods as old as the pyramids. There with a lathe of bow-string and a toe for motor power the wood turner was at work on spindles and chairs. What a medley of peoples—a Babel of sounds, a kaleidoscope of colors.

It was a relief to step into the calm of the quiet nearby mosque and into a vast room, its walls adorned with arabesques, its floors covered with hundreds of costly rugs. On one side, prostrating themselves toward Mecca was a group of men engaged in prayer. In another corner sat a gray bearded man with his disciples about him explaining the sayings of the Koran. The light was filtered through ancient windows of ruby and

amethyst from above. In the quiet of this place, with its reverence and simplicity was Mohammedanism at its best. But as the swirl of the streets enveloped us again and the ignorance, the confusion, the fanaticism, the filth, the degradation thrust themselves upon us once more, we looked upon Mohammedanism at its worst. It is a strange complex—this Moslem faith—and Damascus, where all races and classes mingle in confusion—seems its fit habitation. Nowhere does one feel as here such a sense of unutterable confusion.

The soft pad of camels, the raucous bray of donkeys, the shouts of beggars and peddlers, the clang of the cymbals of the lemonade seller, the long wailing cry of the muezzin, the blare of trumpet and beat of drum—the cloying fragrance of Oriental perfume, the sickening stench of decay and filth, the warm scent of dust,—black clad women, stately Arabs, menacing Bedouins, sleek Turks, veiled ladies of the harem, khaki clad soldiers, ragged beggars, repulsive lepers, linen clad Europeans—crowded streets, gay cafes, squalid houses, palatial buildings, courtyards with plashing fountains, graceful minarets, crystal clear rivers and streams—and, over all this medley of sights and smells and sounds—the romance of the centuries, the immemorial spirit of the past—**that is Damascus.**

XVII

A Night in Venice

*"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles
When Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred
isles."*

—BYRON.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS
July 25, 1921

A Night in Venice

I WAS in a gondola on the Grand Canal. The swift but prosaic train had been exchanged for this unique, picturesque and leisurely means of locomotion, and, as we slowly rowed to our hotel, before my eyes unrolled the panorama of ever-recurring vistas of labyrinthine waterways and winding banks from which rose sheer the fronts of the famous old palaces of Venice. Here the gondolier pointed out the Palazzo Rezzonico in which Browning died, then the palaces that were once the homes of Titian, Byron, Richard Wagner. But seen in the glare of the morning sun, these buildings looked anything but palatial. Their windows were broken, their sculptured facades dirty and crumbling; while the touch of color on their walls gave the beholder that feeling of mingled pity and repulsion with which one sees a faded old woman striving by art to restore her vanished beauty. Only the fine lines of archway and window, the elaborate ornamentation of entrance and cornice, the beautiful overhanging marble balconies remained as witness of those golden days when Venice was Queen of the Adriatic and these old palaces were royal in their splendor. Venice by day is dingy with age, her palaces rotting, her canals muddy and malodorous. Under the Rialto Bridge, recalling Shylock and Othello, we passed to the great lagoon with its vista of the island of San Giorgio with its profile of dome and campanile, and alighted at the Piazzetta. Here, standing between those two fine columns that for seven centuries have guarded its portals, we looked upon the heart of Venice, its world famous Piazza of St. Mark. Before us rising three hundred and fifty feet in air, crowned with its gilded angel, is the glorious campanile, the replica of the one that collapsed two decades ago. But while this structure is new, the Palazzo Reale, with its long arcades, the medieval clock tower with its bronze figures, the Palace of the Doges with its Byzantine columns and variegated marble facade, and the great Church of St. Mark, take us back across the centuries to those days of yore when Venice was mistress of the Mediterranean and to her Ducal Palace came the tribute of the world. As in a dream I wandered through the glorious apartments of the Ducal Palace and its great courtyard, across the Bridge of Sighs to the horrible old dungeons, into the great church with its gold mosaic, alabaster columns, its wealth of color and treasures of art and history, into the great Piazza with its swarm of pigeons, and standing under the shadow of Campanile, I looked at the facade of St. Marks' with its variegated mass of marble columns brought here from all the world, its much-traveled quadriga of

bronze horses above the doorway with their romantic history, and above the bewildering forest of belfries and domes and minarets that crowns this wonderful complex of architecture, this age-old treasury of art, this golden church of the golden age of Venice. And I could not but remember that here in this great Piazza there had been enacted for centuries nearly all the scenes in the city's history; and while the rest of Venice is but a shadow of her former glory, here one still stands amid the undimmed splendor of her past.

The next evening there was a regatta on the great lagoon. As darkness settled down on the city we embarked in a gondola, whose gondolier in honor of the gala night had donned a white linen costume with a scarlet sash about his waist. To the continuous accompaniment of a torrent of liquid Italian profanity as we bumped our way through a swarm of gondolas, we emerged from the narrow canal into the bay of Venice. The waters were deep black and on the horizon stood out in dim outline the dome of Santa Maria della Salute and its nearby campanile. Lazily we drifted on in the soft warmth of the July night. Then far across the lagoon with the fitful gleam as of fireflies appeared a cluster of lights. One by one, until it was ablaze with a myriad colors, lanterns were lighted, and there drifted toward us an illuminated barge, from which to the soft accompaniment of guitars and mandolins there was wafted over the waters one of the passionate songs of Italy, sung only as a group of Italians can sing. And as by magic, out of the liquid darkness, like a flock of black swans, a hundred gondolas suddenly appeared, and as by one impulse moved upon the floating bar, there to crowd in a dark swarm about it. The soft light from the colored lamps of the barge illuminated the scene, revealing now a picturesque gaily-clad gondolier, now the lace-scarfed head and white shoulders of some wealthy Italian lady, now the huddled forms of a peasant family in their vari-colored garments, now a pair of lovers rapturously oblivious of all save the romance of this their perfect hour of bliss. From the white-clad musicians came the lilting strains of "Funiculi, Funicula", then a plaintive Italian ballad, then a marvelous tenor voice, singing "La donna e mobile."

Floating lazily thus through the enchanted night, the lapping of the waves against the gondola, the low voiced laughter, the throbbing guitars, the heart-searching music, the shifting gondolas, the vague outlines of the palaces on the shore, the drifting radiance of the barge aureoled in the dark waters, and over all the star-gemmed Italian sky—made a scene of haunting beauty and matchless loveliness that gripped one's very soul.

And then—to crown the memory of the night—on a sudden there was the flare of varicolored lights along the shore, and the long line of palaces stood out resplendent again as in their pris-

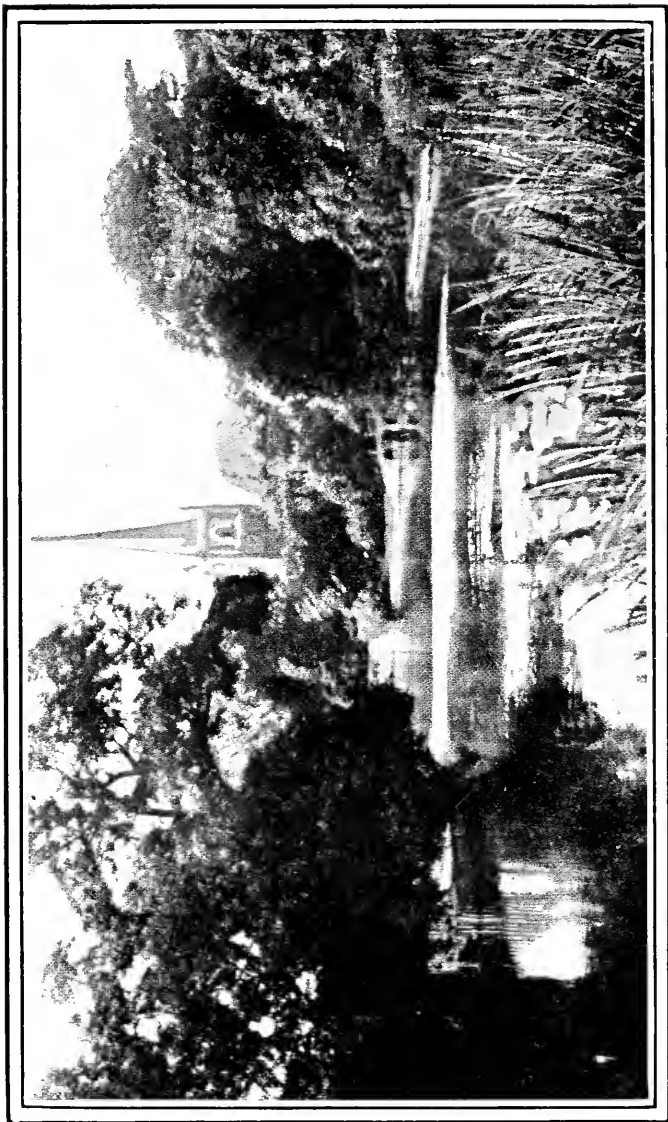
time glory, the square of St. Mark's shone as with the light of day, the Doge's Palace was transfigured by a warm brilliance from without and within until it glowed like a great casket of jewels, and high over all rose the majestic Campanile, blazing like a lofty beacon of living light, the golden angel on its summit poised between earth and sky shining with a heavenly radiance. It was as though by the power of genii the Venice of old, the Venice of the Doges, of Titian and Tintoretto, Queen of the Adriatic, had suddenly risen from the sea. That night I saw that City of Poetry, of Romance, of Dreams, radiant in all the splendor of the days of yore.

XVIII

By the Avon

*Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swan on thy bosom still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame be it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillowed his head!*

—GARRICK.



STRATFORD CHURCH AND THE AVON

By the Avon

THROUGH a mouldering old medieval gate we entered the little village of Warwick and found ourselves transported as by a magician's wand into sixteenth century England. For the streets were lined with old tottering timbered houses and quaint moss-covered stone walls whose archways gave vistas of dim courtyards. And through a winding avenue under fine old elms and beeches we entered the great bastion of Warwick Castle and were at once surrounded by the Middle Ages. Around its bannered walls were battleaxes, spears and armour, and in its great reception-hall was a medieval knight upon his horse, while from the walls Charles I, Henry VIII and the great of England's past looked down upon us. Through those magnificent rooms once proudly walked the Earl of Leicester, handsome, debonair, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and in the nearby chapel, clad in full armour, his effigy lies recumbent above his tomb. Lords and ladies, kings and queens, warriors and statesmen made brilliant these handsome apartments and held high wassail in the great banqueting-hall. From the windows of this hall we looked down upon an old mill and the grass-bordered stream which bears the immortal name of the Avon.

After a night in the old "Warwick Arms", for three hundred years the inn of the village, we set out in the dewy morning, bound for Shakespeare's haunts. Through the long winding roads shaded by great elms, past sturdy oaks standing in isolated majesty, alongside stone walls covered with moss and ivy or hedgerows white with tangled roses, past thatched cottages bordered in flowers, by fields of velvety green sprinkled with daisies, with now and then a picturesque old wayside inn with its quaint signboard and quainter name — through England in June we drove over the perfect roads, and the charm of England took hold on us.

*"England, country of my heart's desire
Land of the hedgerow and the village spire,
Land of thatched cottages and murmuring bees
And wayside inns where one may take one's ease;
Your daisied meadows and your grassy hills,
Your primrose banks, your parks, your tinkling rills,
Your cottage gardens with their wallflowers scent,
Your swallows 'neath the eaves, your sweet content."*

The poet has caught the spirit of the English countryside—beauty, peace, contentment.

An hour of this pastoral scenery and we came to Kenilworth. Ruddy in the sun's warm rays, with its battlements and ivy-

mantled walls, its open windows that frame the sky, this romantic old ruin brings up before the eye of memory the days of Elizabeth, when her favorite, Lord Leicester, kept open house for her in this castle, with jousts and water carnivals on its artificial lake, with feasting and dance, and on its lawns Will Shakespeare and his strolling players delighted the court with their acting. And the genius of Scott has invested the ruin with romance and glamour in his famous story.

From Kenilworth it was but a few miles until we found ourselves passing by Charlecote Park, where Sir Thomas Lucy, whom Shakespeare caricatured as "Justice Shallow," tried the youthful dramatist for deer-stealing in the mansion, which we could see through the trees; then we crossed the Avon and were in Stratford. An unpretentious old half timbered house is the birthplace of Shakespeare. Its rude walls and ruder furniture, its poverty and barrenness recall the simple beginnings from which oftentimes the greatest souls do spring. The interior is one mass of autographs on walls and ceiling, and framed memorials of the great poet are everywhere. It seems more museum than shrine. But Anne Hathaway's cottage, with its thatched roof and moss-covered exterior, set in its gardens of old fashioned flowers, stirs the romance in one's soul. And as one enters the old room within, with its ancient stone floor and fireplace, its rough timbered ceilings, and looks upon the rude bench on which Shakespeare sat and wooed Anne Hathaway, one can almost hear him singing that most delightful of all love songs:—

*"To melt the sad, make blithe the gay
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way
Anne Hathaway;
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way."*

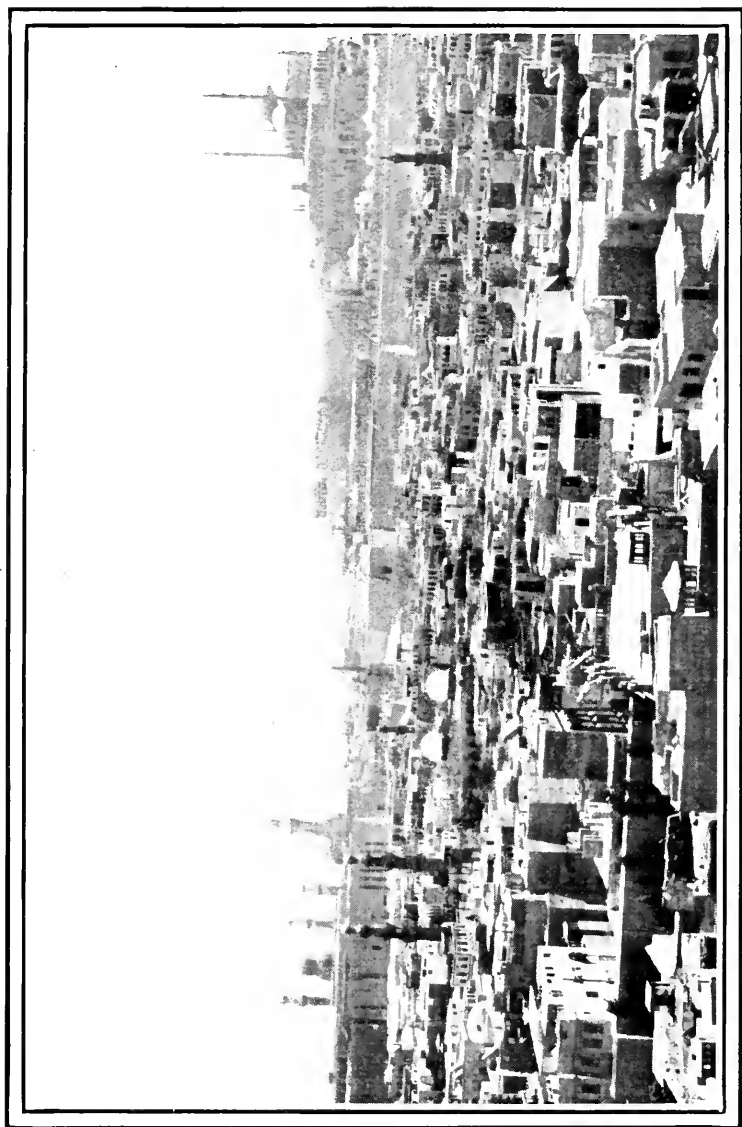
By the river Avon, which winds like a silver ribbon through its emerald banks, rises the beautiful Trinity Church of Stratford. Its peaceful churchyard, with its mouldering stones and great trees, seems a fit vestibule for the old church. It was with a feeling of awe that I entered, for here on the north side of the chancel is the grave of William Shakespeare, the greatest poet of the ages. On the wall is a marble bust, and below it a slab under which he sleeps. All around are beautiful memorial windows, gifts of the world in honor of the bard of Avon. The rainbow-hued light fell softly on the slab with its familiar inscription, and the sculptured face of the poet in its niche seemed aureoled with peace. And so he sleeps in the quiet old church; while the waters of the Avon that he loved murmur on unending requiem, and the church spire is mirrored on its placid bosom. But that cloud-capped genius of the bard of Avon dominates the centuries, and Stratford on the Avon has become the shrine of the English-speaking world.

XIX

The City of Minarets

*"The clondless day was well-nigh done,
The city, like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun."*

—SCOLLARD.



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM MINARET OF MOSQUE AHMED
August 11, 1921.

The City of Minarets

THE long journey from Alexandria to Cairo was an unfolding panorama of that Egypt of which all my life I had read and dreamed. Ever since I landed at Alexandria I had been as one under a spell. For this was another world than Europe or America. Everything familiar had disappeared and I was face to face with the unchanging East. Tall palm trees with their tufted tops rose from the sand dunes; mud villages appeared with their primitive pumps with oxen slowly going round and round in their treadmill. In the deep irrigating ditches of muddy water floundered the clumsy water buffalo. Above long mud dikes in the distance could be seen the innumerable well-sweeps or shadoofs, and the clustered sails of dahabiyehs, the native boats, marking the channel of the Nile. White-robed and turbaned natives passed and repassed the door of my compartment and each station at which we stopped was clamorous with the chatter of guttural Arabic and the wierd cries of the vendors of grapes and dates. The clusters of palm trees multiplied, the cultivated fields were more numerous, and then we suddenly came out upon a long bridge and below was a sluggish mass of muddy waters. It was the Nile, the maker of that ribbon of fertility between two deserts, the granary of the ancient world. I was in old Egypt, land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, and as we sped on towards Cairo, through the languorous heat, I felt about me the brooding silence of this changeless land which holds enshrined the memories of the long-gone centuries.

To sit upon the terrace of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo and watch the passing crowd, is to review the inhabitants of the four corners of the earth, to see in panorama the West and the East, the past and the present, the oldest and the newest civilization. Barefooted Arab porters clad in faded blue robes, dirty Egyptian beggars, black-clad women with ugly black yashmaks veiling their faces, spruce English soldiers, voluble French tourists clad in the latest garments from Paris, keen-eyed Bedouins with their gorgeous robes and scimitars; lemonade-sellers with their clanging brass cymbals, Greeks, Syrians, Italians, Jews—all pass by along the sidewalks. In the street ragged men drive patient donkeys, wild looking desert dwellers lead their careening camels, brisk drivers whirl by with their sleek horses and handsome carriages in which may often be seen the white-veiled women of the Turkish harems, and in between are great gray Rolls-Royce

limousines, shiny black Cadillacs and Buicks and the inevitable Ford. In Cairo truly the East and the West do meet.

But when one passes into the native quarter, he finds himself in the true Orient. A kaleidoscope of colors, a babel of sounds, are the narrow streets where flow the tides of native life. Here are the bazaars, with their bewildering display of rugs and silks, brass and inlaid woods, jewelry and perfumes, embroideries and mother of pearl. Here are markets with their melons and grapes, their figs and pomegranates, their dates and vegetables and all the products of the Nile country. In the old side-streets are to be seen the Moorish facade and minaret of some mosque or the latticed windows of some harem. And through these unpaved thoroughfares surges the unending stream of humanity, every race, every color, every language, every costume conceivable. To see the streets of Cairo is to feel one's self bewildered, overwhelmed by its din and its confusion. And one comes away with the sense of having for an hour been moving through the enchanted pages of the Arabian Nights.

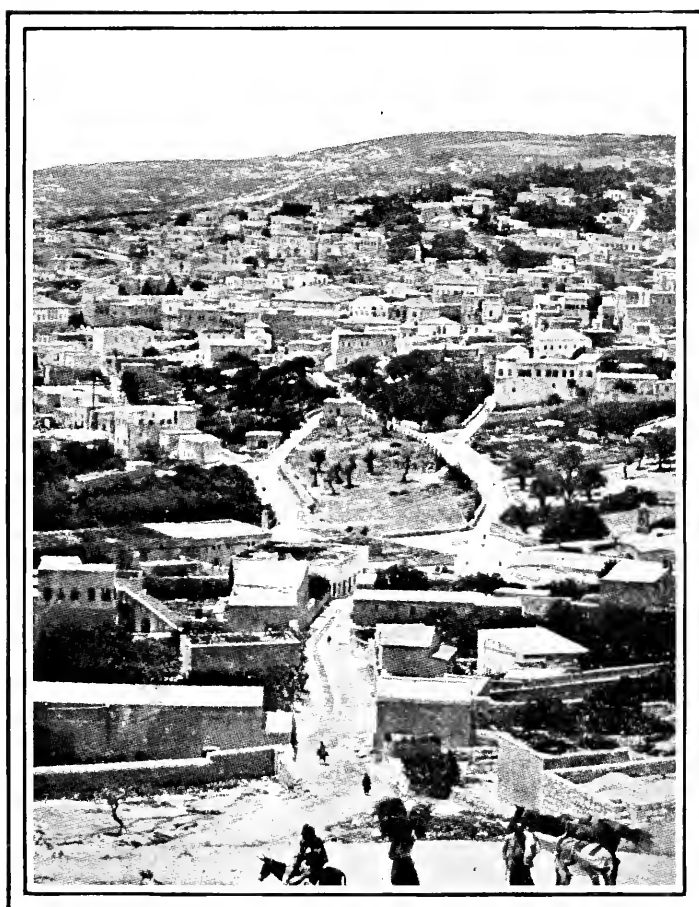
My last afternoon in Cairo I visited the famous old citadel of Cairo. High above the city it towers, grim with its memories of a bloody past. It has been standing thus ever since the days of Saladin. We drove up the long winding road to the citadel and entered the Alabaster Mosque which was erected as his royal tomb by Mehemet Ali, the cruel and cunning Viceroy of Egypt. Its immense interior is covered from floor to ceiling with creamy alabaster and dependent from its great dome the light of a thousand hanging lamps illuminates the gorgeous tomb of Mehemet and the rich Oriental rugs that cover the floor. From the platform before it I looked out over the city of Cairo. Below me was a vast expanse of flat roofed houses and from their midst, a veritable forest of minarets rises from the four hundred mosques of Cairo. Slender, graceful, ethereal, are these spires of Mohammedanism from whose lofty summits the muezzin's wierd cry summons the faithful to prayer. Those myriad white taper-like towers make this truly the City of Minarets. Beyond the city, stretching for miles between its belt of tawn desert, was a strip of green, and, winding through it, the gleaming ribbon of the Nile. And as my eyes swept the horizon I saw nothing but the desolate hills and the billowing sands of the great Sahara until, dim at first, and then growing clearer as I gazed, three mighty forms stood out against the western sky—the pyramids of Gizeh. Minarets and pyramids—and over all the shimmering translucent heat-haze, giving to the scene a touch of elusiveness and mystery—this was my last view of Cairo.

xx

Nazareth

*Nazareth town in Galilee
Set where the paths lead up from the sea,
What vast processional of stars
Pageants over its stilled bazaars
And where the full moon touches the height
Of Tabor, a torch of brilliant light,
Never was sight more fair to see
Nazareth town in Galilee.*

—SCOLLARD.



NAZARETH

Nazareth

MIDDAY found us among the bold hills of upper Samaria, on either side rocky slopes and parched brown herbage, monotonous, unending. Mile after mile the road wound through these hills until we came to a final turn and below us lay the vast plain of Esdraelon, once the bed of an inland lake, ending on the western horizon in the bold headland of Carmel, merging on the east with the dim green of the Jordan Valley. This great plain is rightly called in the Apocalypse, Armageddon, the world's battlefield. For at least fifty battles have been fought on this plain. Here has been heard the rumble of the chariot wheels of Thotmes III, the fierce shouts of the host of Saladin driving before them the rout of the Crusaders, and only yesterday the machine guns of General Allenby woke the echoes of the Galilean hills. Far across the plain rose opposite us a range of mountains rising abruptly from the plain, and nestling amid them well up toward the sky line was a huddle of white houses—the little village of Nazareth. An hour later our automobile had climbed the long gradient from the plain below and stood before the Hotel Galilee in Nazareth.

All about were the encircling hills, for Nazareth lies as in a hollow bowl, environed by a rim of rounded hills. And it was to the highest hill above the city that we turned our footsteps, and climbed through the steep, crooked streets of the village over cobblestones and then up a winding narrow path until we stood upon the summit of the hill. At our feet lay the flat-roofed houses of the little village. There was the Fountain of the Virgin with its crowd of women with their water jars. Yonder was the Church of the Annunciation and near by was the Church of the Carpenter Shop. Yet none of these could stir the emotions as did this bare rocky hilltop. For these sacred sites are at best doubtful and our faith in their direct connection with Jesus' life in Nazareth is tenuous and uncertain. But this hill is surely hallowed ground, for we know that to this vantage point the boy Jesus must have climbed innumerable times, and on the hill top the man Jesus must have spent many a night in prayer. And the view on which we looked that afternoon was the very same upon which His eyes had lingered often. And what a view it was!

To the north just below was the valley of Asochis, and on the hilltop beyond Safed, "the city set upon a hill," and beyond on the horizon snow-clad Hermon towered into the blue. Eastward rose the green, rounded summit of Tabor and beyond the plains and valley of the Jordan. To the westward, hazy in the

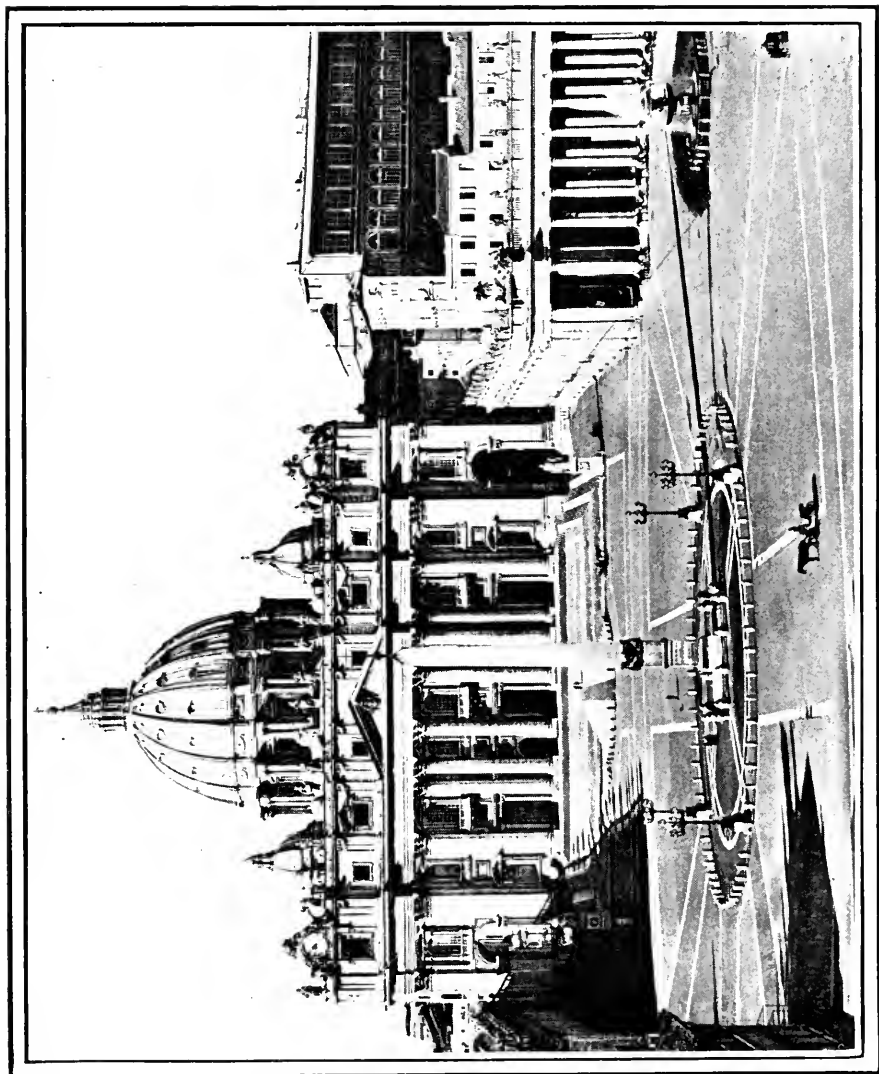
distance, was the long ridge of Carmel and the dazzling line of white sand and blue waters of the Mediterranean. Southwards, broken only by the graceful outlines of Gilboa and Little Hermon, lay the great plain of Esdraelon, merging in a mist of vagueness with the hills of Samaria. And the whole scene was touched by the magic of the heat haze until the great plain was a sea of mistiness, the distant mountains floating like fairy ships. Here on this very spot, with the soft breeze fanning His face, Jesus must have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, seen the chaff rise from a hundred threshing floors on the plain, followed the dust-mantled progress of a caravan over the white roads that cross the landscape. And here when night came on He may have dreamed of those distant regions beyond the shining sea into which His gospel was some day to go; and perchance here on this lofty eyrie, with its wide-stretching panorama at His feet, its horizons fused in the soft moonlight with infinity, caught His vision of that world kingdom which He preached and for which He died. Never have I felt quite so close to Him as He walked among men as I did on that hilltop above Nazareth that He must have loved.

That night I sat on the balcony of the hotel and the air was filled with a delicious coolness as the breezes from the sea swept up the rocky defiles and rustled the branches of the palms and pomegranates. Here and there a light gleamed from an open window but a velvety darkness slowly settled over the hills and enwrapped the sleepy village. Sharp and clear against the starry sky the shoulders of the hills were upheaved. There was no sound save the whisper of the leaves and the distant bark of a watch dog. And as I looked about me I remembered how many times from the doorway of that carpenter shop the boy Jesus must have looked at those encircling hills about and longed like every ambitious lad to heed the voice "beyond the ranges" calling Him to go out into the great world. And yet the years came and went and in this sleepy, gossipy, petty, cramped, circumscribed environment He remained, content to limit His life within the confines God had set, waiting patiently until the divine voice should call Him forth to become the Saviour of the World. And as I mused that evening within that hill-girt village I saw in Nazareth the type and symbol of that limitation of life that environs us all, and which may be, as it was to Him, the school of the spirit.

Under the Dome of St. Peter's

*"Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonies
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame
The lamp of gold, and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their
frame
Sits on the firm-set ground;—and this the cloud
must claim."*

—BYRON.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH

Under the Dome of St. Peter's

NO CHURCH in all the world is so stupendous in size, so magnificent in setting, so rich in history as St. Peter's in Rome. The very approach to it, with the gigantic curving colonnades, the enormous circular court in front, the lofty facade, the mighty dome, overwhelms the beholder with awe. The granite obelisk in front recalls the fact that this church is builded on the site of the Circus of Nero where so many Christians suffered martyrdom; for this Egyptian column once stood in that pagan amphitheater and stands now, crowned with a gilded cross, before this Christian church as symbol of the triumph of Christianity over paganism. And the early history of this building was even more vividly before us as we later passed through the endless labyrinth of crypts and chapels beneath the floor of the present church which are remains of the old basilica of Constantine. We ascended the broad steps and entered. No word or picture can do justice to that marvelous interior. So harmonious and symmetrical are its proportions that its vastness only later dawns upon one. To let the eye travel up and up one of these fluted columns until it loses itself in the coffered arch of gold far, far above, or to see the dwarfing of distant people in the edifice brings home the fact that one is in the most stupendous building ever reared by man. For St. Peter's, with its forty-four altars, seven hundred and forty-eight massive columns, its dozens of side aisles and its hundred and thirty papal tombs, its army of ecclesiastics and its colony of workmen who live in houses on its roof, is in reality a city, rather than a building.

Down the immense nave we wandered, all about us the marvelous marble columns inlaid with gold and rich with colors, on either side chapel after chapel, each in itself large enough for a church. Above these altars are what seem at first sight beautiful canvases reproducing famous paintings by Raphael, Guido Reni, Michael Angelo and many other great masters. But on closer examination, one discovers that they are wonderful stone mosaics, each the work of years. It is as though not only the massive marble walls and pillars but even the pictures in this great church were made to endure for eternity. All around the walls we passed the papal tombs, each with its sculptured monument, each one a masterpiece. Out of that bewildering array one stands out as the most impressive and beautiful—the mausoleum of Clement XIII. The genius of Canova has represented above the crypt the pontiff kneeling in prayer, while on one side

stands the figure of Religion, with uplifted cross, and on the other the Genius of Death, an angel figure of exquisite beauty.

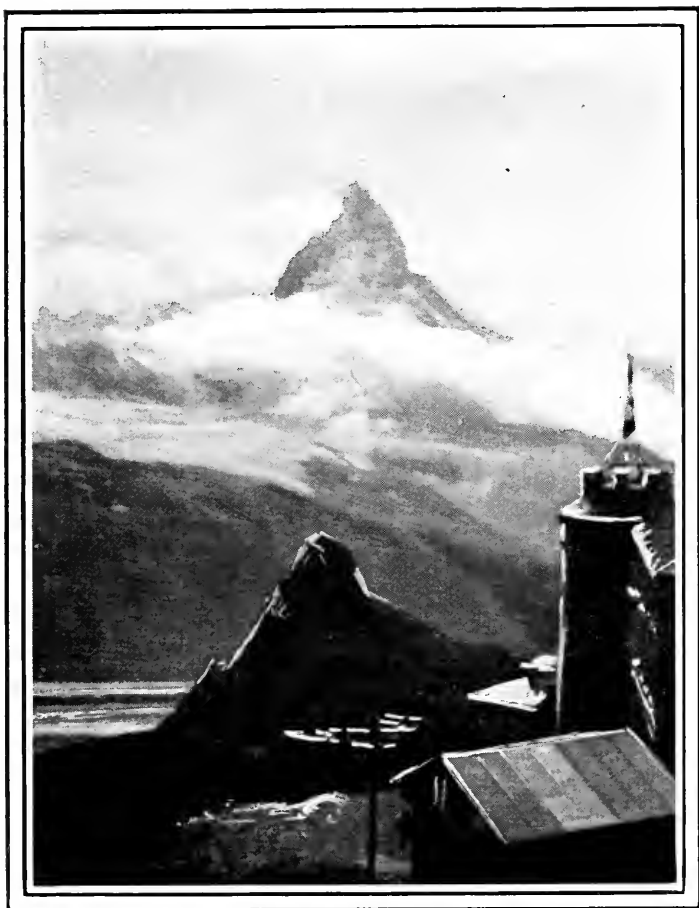
In the center of St. Peter's is its High Altar, under the mighty flood of light of the great dome. Over it stands a colossal canopy of bronze borne aloft on spiral columns of gold a hundred feet in the air; but in St. Peter's its magnitude is dwarfed by its surroundings. Before it is a broad curving marble balustrade, and below a great crypt, lighted by eighty-nine ever burning lamps, into which a double flight of marble steps descends. Here under this high altar is that which this church, into which such untold wealth has been poured, was builded to preserve forever—the mortal remains of a poor fisherman of Galilee; for this glorious cathedral is but his tomb. And one wonders what that blunt, hard-fisted, red-blooded, impulsive, intensely human, lovable Simon Peter would think could he see the splendors amid which lie his bones.

Standing here I gazed upwards into that glorious dome. On the frieze far above in golden letters were the words of Jesus spoken to His disciple so long ago—"Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my church." All glittering with golden mosaics, the interior of the dome seemed a great golden abyss filled with light. To look into it steadily made one reel, so vast its proportions, so lofty its height. Truly Michael Angelo fulfilled his promise to "hang the Pantheon in mid-air" when he reared this majestic dome toward heaven. And as I stood under the dome of St. Peter's by the wondrous tomb of the apostle, I could not but think of its eloquent testimony to the eternal influence of a great soul. A life of poverty, a death of shame,—this was the lot of Peter,—yet today to the memory of that simple peasant, whose noble life and martyr death were the very incarnation of the spirit of his Master, rises this most splendid edifice in the world.

The Glory of the Alps

*"Thou too again stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low,
Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me —rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a spirit of incense from the earth!
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky
And tell the stars and tell yon rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."*

—S. T. COLERIDGE.



VIEW OF THE MATTERHORN FROM GORNERGRAT

The Glory of the Alps

THE morning was cold and the clouds hung heavy over the mountains that hold the little Swiss village of Zermatt in their close embrace, as we boarded the little train and the puffing engine began its long climb up the cog-railway to Gornergrat. In a few minutes we had entered the pine-forested slopes and crossed a dark gorge with its roaring waterfall; and then through a break in the trees we caught sight far below us of the long white ribbon of the River Visp, winding through the green fields of the valley, with its border of scattered brown chalets ending in the huddle of hotels and stores that marked the site of the village. On we went, higher and higher through the Riffel forest, shut in by rocky slopes dense with fir and pine, and all along the way were cool sylvan glades, rushing mountain rills, and tiny waterfalls. Then we rounded a turn in the road and before us rose the Matterhorn, all hidden in the mist save its topmost peak, which gleamed like a white spear point above the clouds. Higher yet, and now below us lay the whole long valley of the Visp losing itself in the distance in that great gorge through the mountains with its rushing stream that is the only means of entrance to this mountain-girt valley; and on beyond were the piled-up, mist-wreathed black masses of the mountains merging at last with the horizon. We were in Alpine pastures now, with their flocks of goats and sheep, flower-strewn meadows of deep grass amid rocks and precipices that echo to the sweet sound of the Alpine horn. Again we entered a long defile, and then suddenly there burst upon us the first glimpse of that great range of snow capped peaks of which the Matterhorn is but a part and which are unseen from the village below; and we found ourselves at the little station of Riffelalp. We had lost sight of the valley now and were in a vast Alpine upland bordered by vistas, ever changing and ever enlarging, of peaks, and glaciers and snow-slopes and gorges. It was cold and the mist that enwrapped us had changed to rain. And now the track ran out on a great ledge ending in a bare peak, a rocky promontory thrusting out a natural observation gallery into the midst of that vast panorama of Alpine scenery. Slowly, through a rain that had turned to snow, the little engine toiled up the terrible grade to the summit of Gornergrat, this isolated peak, and we were at the end of our journey. Numb with cold and light-headed from the great altitude, we climbed the slope to the large stone-walled platform above, and before us was a panorama that made us forget all cold and discomfort. Directly below us lay the gray-

ish dirty moraine of the Gorner glacier, merging with the blue-green of the great ice field above, and this in turn with the dazzling white slopes of virgin snow that led upward to such an encircling group of Alpine giants as can be seen nowhere else in Switzerland. Thrusting their bare black shoulders through the snow, jagged and terrible against the sky, were the peaks of the nearer mountains; while beyond and above towered the eternal snow-covered summits of the highest Alps, soaring 14,000 feet into the blue. All around the horizon was the continuous line of Alpine summits — Lyskamm, Stralhorn, Castor and Pollux, Breithorn, Mischabelhorn, Weisshorn, Gabelhorn, Dent Blanche, Monte Rosa—an endless cordon of sentinels keeping watch over this mighty realm of ice and snow. All was utterly silent on those lofty heights save for the thunder of an occasional avalanche. The over-arching vault of heaven seemed very near, this encompassing panorama of ice and snow like the vision of the Great White Throne of the Almighty.

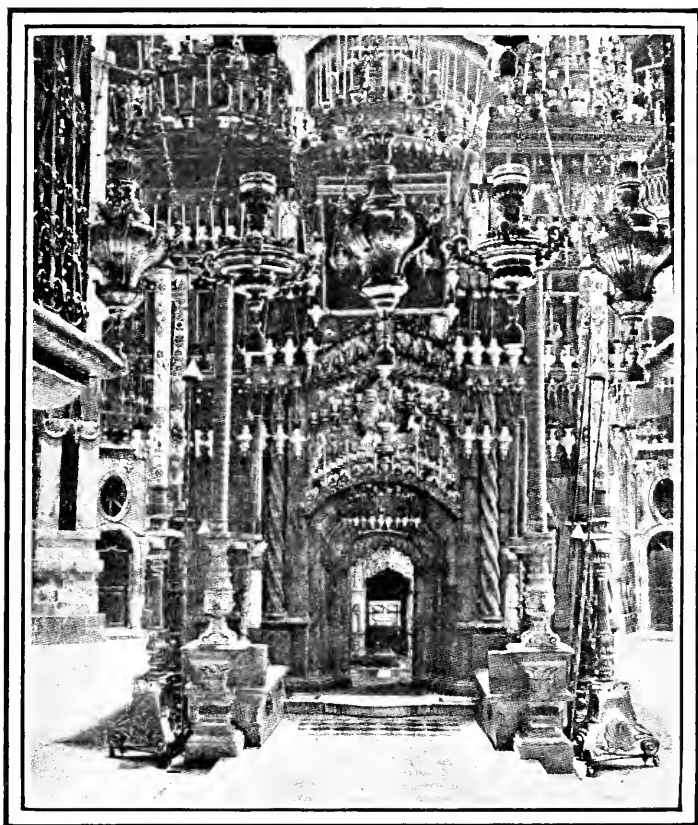
The clouds were growing lighter above us and here and there appeared a patch of blue sky. The light grew brighter, the snow ceased, and suddenly the sun shone through the mists, turning the mountain peaks into jewels of dazzling brilliance, making the vast snowfields scintillate like diamonds. Slowly the heavy clouds that all day had shrouded the Matterhorn rolled back like a curtain, and before us there stood revealed in all its terrible majesty that imposing pyramid of rock that towers toward the zenith until it almost seems to touch the sky—colossal, overpowering, stupendous, Monarch of the Alps, the most impressive mountain in the world. Even from the great height on which we stood it seemed to tower as high above us as when we looked up at it from the village in the valley below. It dominated, with its soaring summit, even those giant peaks and lofty plateaus of snow. And as it frowned down upon us, its snow-clad slopes gleaming in the sun, its finger of black granite piercing the sky, bannered with long streamers of white mist, tremendous in its lift and great in its lofty isolation—its awful glory was transcendent, overwhelming. One's soul stood in the very presence of the might and majesty of God. Never, until mine eyes see the splendors of the world above, do I expect to see so sublime a vision as I beheld that day when I stood face to face with the glory of the Alps.

XXIII

The Church of the
Holy Sepulchre

*"The lamps were burning over sacred graves,
And the holy light gleams from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,
While through the panelled roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir and roof and dome,
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
To every traveller thus its welcome home."*

—BRAINARD.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre

ONLY the lure of a visit to the most famous shrine in Christendom could have persuaded me to forsake the cool corridors of the hotel that Sunday afternoon. For the August sun was blazing on the white houses and gray walls of the city of Jerusalem, as my guide and I stepped out into the square by the Jaffa Gate, and the heat was as that of a furnace.

We passed quickly into the comparative shade afforded by the high walls of the narrow alley that is dignified by the name of David Street, (and is the Champs Elysees of Jerusalem) and stumbled down its slope of slippery cobblestones toward the oldest part of the city. On either side, making more narrow the way, were stalls of merchants, trays of fruits and vegetables, push carts and crates, and all the paraphernalia of Oriental trade. On every side was the shrill chatter of bargaining and only here and there did one see a shuttered shop—for in this Judeo-Moslem city the Christian Sunday is "more honored in the breach than the observance." Making our way through the jostling throng of Turks, Arabs and Jews, now and then flattening one's self against the wall to escape the ever present donkey or camel, we came shortly to a side street which ended in a large open courtyard roughly paved with huge blocks of stone, and with pediments and fragments of pillars around it. This court was once occupied by the basilica builded by Constantine, of which now only these broken pillars remain.

At the farther side of the court rose a facade of weather-beaten gray stone, surmounted by a rude cupola, with two ugly arched windows in its second story and on the ground level two arched doorways, one of which is now filled up with stone. The building is neither impressive nor beautiful, yet this is the front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, sacred to Christianity for sixteen centuries.

Stepping through the narrow doorway we found ourselves in the semi-darkness of the vast interior, where under its one huge roof are five monasteries, thirty chapels and seventy sacred sites of Bible history. The floor was worn smooth as glass by centuries of pilgrim feet and the kisses of countless multitudes. Here and there in the murky light one could see the kneeling figure of a pilgrim kissing the stone floor in reverent adoration. Up a flight of steps deep worn by ages of use my guide led me to a large platform where at one side is the Rock of Ages, the rock of Calvary. A square hole in the center of a silver star

under a canopy of silver lamps marks the spot where once stood the foot of the cross, and near by is the crack in the rocky surface made by the earthquake. And, even as we looked upon this little shrine, a man in pilgrim's garb, moving forward over the smooth pavement on his knees, leaned down and with tears and murmured prayers reverently kissed this spot that to him marked the place where the Saviour of mankind was crucified.

The strong sonorous chant of many voices filled the air and moving now to the edge of this elevated platform upon which we stood I looked down upon a never to be forgotten scene. Just below was a great marble slab, yellow with age, with large golden tapers burning at its head and foot, and kneeling about it was a large band of brown-robed Franciscan friars, taper in hand, chanting the solemn Latin liturgy, while over their heads billowed the fragrant clouds of incense as the attendant priests in their gorgeous robes waved golden censers at the foot and the head of the Stone of Anointing where the body of Jesus is said to have once been laid. The shafts of dim golden sunlight from the windows far above filtering through the smoke of the incense upon the cowed heads, the moving figures of the priests, glimmering through the haze, the strange and solemn cadences of the music of the chant—gave to the scene an unearthly beauty and a sacred charm. What if this shrine be builded, as all students of Jerusalem's history believe, upon a site that is not the real Calvary of the Gospels? What if the many Bible sites, like the tomb of Adam, to which one is pointed under this roof, be but the response of a complaisant church to the demand of ignorant and fanatical pilgrims? Here at least, in this reverential band of devout souls, was a pure and untroubled faith. Call it superstition if you will, no Christian could look upon that scene unmoved. For it was humanity itself, clothed in the brown robes of penitence and humility, kneeling in hushed and reverent love before that Christ who died for love of man, that I saw in those kneeling figures that Sunday afternoon in the perfumed twilight of that ancient shrine.

From that solemn scene it was but a few steps until we stood before the little chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, whose real dignity and impressiveness have been almost lost in the absurd, childish and meaningless exterior. The first view makes one recoil. A small square building built of highly colored limestone, it has been almost buried from sight under a mass of faded, dusty pictures, ikons, banners and candles. But the interior redeems it. One enters first into a little vestibule, ablaze with golden lamps, and then one by one, permission is given to enter the inner shrine. When my turn came I stooped low and found myself within a tiny marble walled compartment, seven feet long and six feet wide. At one end stood a black robed priest guarding the holiest place in Christendom. Above my head blazed forty-

three golden lamps and the air was hot and heavy with incense. On my right was a niche in which was a marble slab cracked and yellow with age, and polished like a mirror with the kisses of millions. Here once laid, so tradition says, the lifeless body of the Saviour of mankind.

And as I came away out of the murky twilight of that ancient sanctuary into the light of day I could not but think of the place that old church had played in human history. To rescue it from the Saracen four million of the bravest of Europe laid down their lives in the Crusades, and for these many centuries since it has been the prayer of millions that that lost cause might some day be won, and the tomb of Christ be restored to Christendom. We have lived to see that day and for the first time in centuries the sepulcher of Christianity's founder belongs no longer to the followers of an alien faith. And of vastly more importance than the influence of this old church upon the politics and history of mankind is its testimony to the undying vitality of the Christian religion. Somehow I felt as never before as I stood for that moment in the warm brilliance of that inner tomb how much the Christ meant to men. These eager pilgrims that tearfully kissed that marble slab, even though it may never have held the sacred body of Jesus, bore witness thereby to that undying love of Jesus that flames in the human breast. Catholic or Protestant, what matters it, so long as that passion for Jesus inspires us alike. And I thought as I turned for a last look at that old gray stone church of those beautiful lines of Whittier—

*"O Lord and Master of us all
Whate'er our name or sign
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call
We test our lives by Thine."*

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